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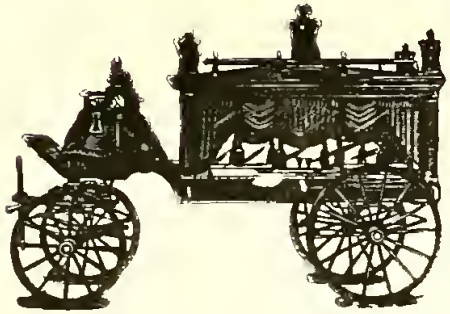

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MISS GLO MILLER : "The converse of a proposition is just the turn around of the proposition."

MISS MARIAN WEBB : "They asked Wm. of Orange to come over and be their queen."

CROWE : "There are 33 bones in the spinal cord."

MISS COLVIN : "Wm. of Orange was the grand-daughter of Charles I."

MISS TENNANT : "They killed all that they murdered."

MISS SABIN : "You had just done it now."

MISS COLVIN : "King John was called 'Lackland,' because he had nothing and lost what he had."

MISS WIEBKE : "There were many exhibitions of people to Jerusalem."

LANE (to Miss Hauck) : "You are a woman of experience."

High School Graduates

All expect to get married "sometime." When any of them do, we want to sell them their Furniture and Carpets. If we succeed in doing that, this advertisement will have accomplished its purpose.

Foster Furniture and Carpet Co.

MISS TAYLOR (telephoning): "Hello mamma—Excuse me, I have the wrong number."

MISS MCKEAG: "Your hope is caseless."

MISS COLVIN: "What fine building was built in Paris about this time?"

MISS LONG: "The Parthenon."

LANE: "That's all right only it's all wrong."

SCHULTZ: "Swipe it into the trash-basket."

CHRISTIAN SCHWARTZ: "Hercules was a goddess."

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GROSS & PELLENS,

If you want something really good.

MISS JAY: "Lura Fee, if you wouldn't look at Carl Bowser so much, you would get your lessons better."

PRESSLER: "Then Dido, casting down her face, spoke thus."

MISS JAY: "Why did Ichabod Crane want to marry Katrina?"

JULIUS NEWBERGER: "He thought he would get a good bargain."

CROWE (in Chemistry): "As this experiment is dangerous a few of you may work it together."

PRESSLER (in an undertone): "The fewer, the merrier."

CROWE: "What did you say, George?"

PRESSLER: "I said it would be a nice day to-morrow if it did'nt rain."

WISE: "Do you think I am sit here to entertain you?"

MISS KEIM (translating at sight): "Thou art the first to see the two-toothed burdens."

MISS WALTERS (writing to "Charley"): "It's hard to get a real sweet beginning."

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MISS VONDERAUGH: "He sent the legacy across the river."

MISS LIEBMAN: "He kept it a secret with himself."

KELL: "I am going to study physics all day to-night."

DOUGLASS: "Prove that early *raising* is beneficial to health."

WISE: "I noted it down."

MISS BRANDT: "The sum of the antecedents equals the sum of the consequences."

FRED SCHULTZ: "You can easily reduce centimeters to pounds."

REMEMBER THE

Arcade Gallery

For Small Photographs
Four Buttons 25 Cents. *Moderate Prices.*
Also First-Class Cabinets.

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If you care to do this, we kindly ask you to buy and try one pound of

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South Side Drug Store.

MERTZ & SON,

434 Calhoun Street, Corner DeWald.

MISS SABIN: "Your paper is very good but it looks *sloppy*."

CROWE: "Now draw a figure with sides in the holes."

LANE: "You are a warm mathematician."

KELL: "I didn't know you had withdrawed."

CROWE: "Some bones are pigeon-tailed."

MISS COLVIN: "What honor did he receive?"

MISS LINKER: "He was exiled."

GRIFFITHS: "Slow bodies move largely."

GOTTLIEB HALLER,

WALL PAPER,

Largest Assortment in the City.

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We do first-class work and charge no more than others.

90 CALHOUN STREET.

KELL: "During the French Revolution, the *pheasants* were in a very bad condition."

CROWE: "What is the pressure per square pound ?"

MISS ORTMAN: "He looks like an actress."

JOHNSON: "There is'nt any one of them alike."

CROWE: "Alcohol freezes at 453° above zero."

BURSLEY (at the window): "O you little darling !"

HIS CHUM (rushing wildly up): "Where ?"

BURSLEY (scornfully): "I'm talking to my mustache, you poor chump."

CROWE: "Miss Gladys, what would you do if you wished to get out of the sunshine ?"

MISS WILLIAMS: "I'd get in the shade."

MISS COLVIN: "The French never recognized Catherine de Medici as king."

TAYLOR: "The angle are equal."

LANE: "It are, are it ?"

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New Wheels For Rent. Repairing.

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Ice Cream Soda Water, Milk Shake, Lemonade, etc.
A full line of Cigars kept constantly on hand.

154 Calhoun Street. **GUST SACRENTEY, Proprietor.**

MISS COLVIN: "Of what woman was Henry IV the mother?"

PARKER: "Louis XIII."

CROWE: "What's the else?"

WISE: "How about those mentioned?"

PARNIN: "They're not mentioned."

MISS MILLER: "Smoke is heavier than air and hence rises."

SCHULTZ: "Of what use is the moisture in the air?"

MISS BRINSLEY: "It makes the snow damp."

CROWE: "It's a hot molecule."

A FRESHMAN: "If he said what you said she said he said, he said what was'nt said at all."

MISS HAMILTON: "I'm writing poetry, a man must consider his *feet*."

SCHWARTZ: "It soaked up the sunshine."

MISS ELLISON: "Boil heat until it waters."

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Latest Designs, Most Select Colorings in all Grades, at Popular Prices. First-Class Hangings. Wall Tinting, Etc.

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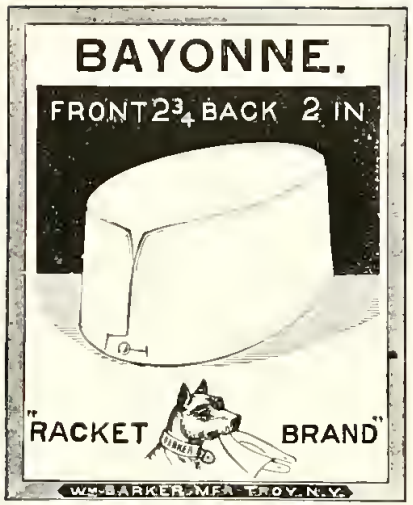

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CROWE: "Go up the mountain and find its boiling point."

LANE: "320 square rods make a square acre."

CROWE: "Melt some water."

LONGACRE (translating): "I assembled a full senate."

MISS SABIN: "Had'nt you better say "audience ?"

LONGACRE: "But it wasn't the 'audience' that was full; it was the senate."

BELL: "Phinious the most justifiable of all, falls."

CROWE: "With what do you split wood ?"

MISS KANAGA: "A pulley."

MISS PAUL: "He's so nervous that he has forgotten his memory."

MISS JAY: "You will make me known the world over, as an incompetent teacher."

PACKARD,

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In purchasing a Piano consider quality and durability above all else.

And none stands higher in the musical world than the PACKARD.

Not because they are dear; but because they are cheap at any price.

Owning a good Piano is a source of joy to the purchaser.

Stop in and see our "Honest Piano at an Honest Price."

BELL (translating): "Behold Cassandra, stretching her beaming eyes to the heavens."

MR. LANE: "Is George bothering you, Miss Minnie?"

MISS ARNOLD: "No sir."

LANE: "Then you are not bothered by trifles."

HELEN SAUER (in algebra): "The difference is the number which we multiply to the subtrahend to make the minuend."

JESSSIE TUCKEY: "Well is'nt a morsel a person?"

CROWE: "Raise the windows down."

MISS KOONS: "That is more larger."

MISS MCKEAG: "You must remember that you are not the only ones."

CHARLES HUGHES (in class meeting): "I motion that a Committee be appointed to transact this business."

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Cigars, Tobacco and Pipes.

82 Calhoun Street. FORT WAYNE, IND.

MISS LIEBMAN: "The mechanical advantage is the advantage one machine has over another."

HAMILTON: "My ancesters will always tell of my great football playing."

MISS MCKEAG: "Trenton is in the state of New York."

A SCHOLAR: "Miss Jay, the bell has rung."

MISS JAY: "Yes, I heard it good."

SHOEMAKER: "An *exhibition* was sent against the city."

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

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15 West Wayne St. FORT WAYNE, IND.

MISS SCHILLING (in Latin): "It has no tense; so it is the present tense."

MISS MCKEAG: "Give the first axiom."

A SCHULTZ: "Equal things are equal."

MISS MCKEAG: "Give the third axiom."

A SCHULTZ: "If equals be subtracted from equals, the sum will be equal."

MISS MCKEAG: "That's wrong; repeat it correctly."

A SCHULTZ: "If equals be subtracted from equals the products will be equal."

LEAH COHEN: Veterinary troops. (Veteran)."

MISS DIETHER: "Don't I look sweet when I roll my eyes."

MISS MCKEAG: "You tell all kinds of trash."

MR SCHULTZ (having a severe headache): "My head turns round and round."

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HUSER & ULMER,

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Hacks for Weddings and Funerals.

Telephone No. 381. 202 FAIRFIELD AVENUE,

FORT WAYNE, IND.

MISS MCKEAG: "You must have wheels in your head."

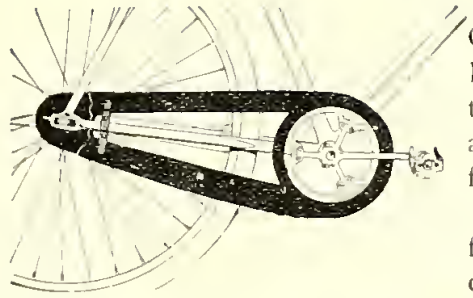
ED FOX (putting all his dramatic effort into a patriotic piece): "And now the rattling drum and fife, Fires the *liver* (living) with fiercer life."

MISS GRACE WALTER: Did you ever study compound (solid) geometry?"

READ: "Half a geese, (half eaten geese)."

MAY TEAGARDEN (translating): "Once Sentulus, his son-in-law, sees with a long sword."

TAYLOR: "Glass-goblers, (goblets)."



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The Archer Printing Co.,

Copper Plate Printing Company,

82 Clinton Street. Fort Wayne, Ind.

Miss Jay (speaking of the 'i' and 'j' in Latin): "I was brought up on the j "(jay)."

Newton: "I believe I heard somebody say something about angels; did they have asbestos wings."

Miss Dryer: "It is in the nominative case."

D. Jones: "How can you tell."

Miss Jay: "Is Anna the other fellow."

Hanna: "If he knew this, he would kill the life out of me."

Miss McKeag: "I have taught this grade for 10 years; how much longer?"

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CLOTHING PARLOR
In Fort Wayne.

MISS JAY: "It is as true as truth."

MABELLE TENNANT: "Cicero was called the greatest of American orators."

MISS MCKEAG: "Do you mean to say that you can't find the product of three and two?"

HAZEL PIERCE: "No ma'am, I can't."

MABELLE TENNANT: "People don't have to have rosy cheeks to be pretty, I hav'nt them.

MISS MARJORIE OLDS: "Is — - the son of the meat market?"

CHAS NEWTON: "It is in the *executive* case."

SCHULTZ: "The subject is 'gives.'"

MISS WILKINSON: "Is 'see' part of the verb, 'to be?'"

HUGHES: "If 'Minerva' is declined only in the singular, how do you decline it in the plural?"

HARRIET WILSON: "Shall I erase it out?"

YARNELLE: "Lost, strayed, or stolen — my memory."

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Spectacles Properly Fitted.
All work neatly done.

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The Vedette of '98.

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The Senior Class.
2

Fort Wayne High School.

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1897.

W. D. PAGE, PRINTER,

FORT WAYNE, IND.

1825036

Dedication.

To Hon. John S. Irwin, under whose guidance we entered upon our school life, and continued up to the Junior year in High School, we respectfully dedicate this book.

Preface.

NOTHER small vessel is now ready to be launched upon the literary sea. Small it is, indeed, but we hope that it will not be counted among the innumerable wrecks that occur on this ocean, but will safely overcome the waves of criticism. We have had the opportunity to profit from the failures and the successes of the classes that have preceded us, and we fully appreciate that, if we should have improved in some points, it is not altogether our "fault."

We have made several changes, not for the sake of change merely, but because of some more substantial reason. The name of the book was changed, because we hope that the succeeding classes will take up this name, and that the Fort Wayne High School Annual will always be known as "*The Vedette.*"

We wish to apologize to all who may feel personally hurt by anything on these pages. Let them remember that nothing was written against them intentionally, but everything to arouse interest.

Finally, we wish to express our hearty thanks to Paul Hopkins and to Miss Bertha Jackson for their kind assistance; and to all others who have helped us in any way in this work, either by suggestions, advertisements, or other means.

INTRODUCTORY.

"Ballade of Youth."
Board of Editors.
Mr. Study and School Board.
Faculty.

CLASSES.

Class Organizations.
Class Histories.
Class Poems.
Poem—Miss Josephine Page.
"Choice of Studies"—Mr. Lane

ATHLETICS.

The Athletic Association—Mr. Crowe.
Athletic Team.
Foot Ball.

ORGANIZATIONS.

D's of T.
E' Galantes.
Cooking Clubs.
Delta Sigma Nu.
Debating Society.
Golf Club.
Auntie Gossipers.
Brown Eyed Susans.

LITERARY.

"Love."
"Origin of F. W. H. S."
"How we did it."
"98's Parting Suggestion to the School Board."
"Modern Ten Commandments."
"At the Commencement Hop."
"A Thunder Blunder."

GRINDS.

"The Juniors."
"Querist Department."
"Sights Funny to See."
"Problems."
Clubs.
"Name It."
"What the Poets think of Us."
"In Geometry."
"A Reading Lesson."
"Last Will and Testament of Senior Class."
"A Threshing Day."
"The Gay Handle Barre."
"The End."

Ballade of Youth.

The dark of winter is now receding;
  Dolorous days are almost done,
And, northward and ever northward speeding,
  Light and the joy of spring begun—
  Soon shall the dawn be; soon shall the sun
Enliven our langour and dull-head ruth:
  The season this that our hearts forerun:
Here is the tale of the joy of youth.

When the meads are green, and the young lambs feeding
  And, lyric straight from the warm-heart sun,
The bluebird's warble, the sweet choirs leading,
  Sings of the Maytime not yet done;
  When light winds over the young wheat run:—
'Tis then that the blood rushes warm; in sooth,
  Who then the legend of winter con?
Here is the tale of the joy of youth.

When the young soul joys in the time of seeding;
  When the heart and mind are still at one;
When the time is ripe, and the moments speeding:—
  Shall it care for the shadows from whence 'twas won?
  Shall it brood o'er the time not yet begun?
For sun on the leaves—this is also truth,
  And God is many, God is not one:
Here is the tale of the joy of youth.

ENVOY.

There are the books of gold for the old to read,
  And line upon line of the soberest truth:
But young is Fancy, she will not heed:
  Here is the tale of the joy of youth.

MR. H. O.. WISE.

Staff.

A. J. Read, Editor in Chief.
Philip Bursley, Ass't Editor in Chief.
Louise Wolf, Ass't Editor in Chief.
Kelsey Fitch, Business Manager.
George Pressler, Ass't Business Manager.
Dorris Muirhead, Editor Grinds.
Leah Tennant, Ass't Editor Grinds.
Lora Walter, Ass't Editor Grinds.
Marian Webb, Society.
Elsie Sheridan, Literary.
Chas. Porter, Athletics.

JUSTIN N. STUDY

S a native of Indiana. He was born in Wayne County, and here he received that early training which prepared him for entrance to the Academy at Hagerstown. Mr. Study soon after entered Ohio Wesleyan University, from which he was graduated in 1871, with the degree of A. B., receiving later, from the same institution, the degree of A. M. Immediately after his graduation he entered upon the duties of Superintendent of Schools at Anderson, Indiana, a position which he filled for ten years. The years 1881-84 were spent at Greencastle, Ind., where, as Superintendent, Mr. Study was instrumental in building up the High School. From Newcastle Mr. Study went to Richmond, where he spent twelve years, during which time he became widely known for his work along educational lines, and obtained that prominent place among the educators of Indiana which he occupies to-day. Mr. Study came to Fort Wayne in the fall of '96, since which time he has ably and successfully occupied the position of Superintendent of our schools.

School Trustees.

WILLIAM P. COOPER, President. DR. A. J. BOSWELL, Secretary.

SAMUEL M. FOSTER, Treasurer.

ELIZABETH DOAN, Librarian.

JAMES A. GAVIN, Janitor-in-Chief. CONRAD LIEDOLF, Janitor of High School.

PROF. CHESTER T. LANE.

FACULTY.

CHESTER T. LANE, A. B., PRINCIPAL.

LATIN AND GEOMETRY.—Principal of the Fort Wayne High School. Graduated from the University of Michigan, in the Classical Course, in 1874. Mr. Lane immediately accepted the position of principal in the Ypsilanti, Michigan, High School, where he remained until 1879, when he came to Fort Wayne to accept his present position. Since he has been principal, the High School has been admitted to the North-western Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Students of the High School may be admitted on diploma to all the principal Colleges of Indiana, and to Cornell and Smith. Our High School is one of the three in the state that enjoy the distinction of being "affiliated" with the University of Chicago. Mr. Lane is a very efficient teacher, and those who have had the privilege of studying under his direction receive an incentive to true scholarship.

MARY L. JAY, PH., B.

LATIN AND HISTORY—Graduated from Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and in 1895 received from Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill., the degree of Ph. B. She is a thorough scholar and a most efficient teacher.

ALBERT B. CROWE, A. B.

PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY.—Graduated from Hanover College in 1893, receiving the degree of A. B. In the spring of the following year he accepted his present position in the High School. During his term of service a room for a botanical laboratory has been equipped with all necessary apparatus, including compound microscopes. Recently he received an honorary degree of A. M. from Hanover College.

HARRY O. WISE, A. B.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION.—Graduated in 1887 at the Fort Wayne High School, receiving the highest honors. In 1892 he graduated in the Classical Course at the University of Indiana. The following year Mr. Wise was principal of the Renssalaer High School, and in the fall of 1893 accepted a position as teacher of English and Greek in the Fort Wayne High School. In June 1896, he resigned his position in order to attend Harvard University, where he did post graduate work in English. In the spring of 1897 he accepted the position of head of the department of English Language and Literature.

E. A. SCHULTZE, A. B.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY AND BOTANY.—Graduated from Hanover College in 1892. Before coming to this city, he occupied the position of teacher of science in Carthage College, Missouri. He accepted his present position in the fall of 1897.

ELLEN McKEAG.

ALGEBRA.—In charge of mathematics in the Freshman Class. Many can testify to the benefit received from her faithful efforts while studying Algebra under her skilled teaching.

KATHERINE H. BLYNN, A. B.

ALGEBRA AND HIGHER ARITHMETIC.—Graduated from the University of Indiana in the Mathematical Course, receiving the degree of A. B. After teaching a year in the ward schools of Fort Wayne, she accepted a position as assistant teacher in the High School. She has taught Latin, Mathematics, Literature and Rhetoric, but at present gives her attention to Mathematics only.

CAROLINE COLVIN, A. B.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.—Graduated from the State Normal School in 1890. After teaching a year in the Peru High School, she entered the University of Indiana, from which she graduated in 1893. The following fall she came to Fort Wayne to accept the position which she now holds in the High School.

LOUISE HAMILTON,

ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND LITERATURE.—Accepted the position of teacher of Literature and Grammar in September, 1892.

FANNIE E. SABIN, A. M.

LATIN.—Graduated in the Classical Course, at the University of Michigan in 1895, receiving the degree of Ph. B. The following year she took a post-graduate course at the same University, and received the degree of A. M.

HELEN E. DRYER, A. B.

GREEK AND LATIN.—Graduated in the Classical Course, at the University of Michigan in 1896, receiving the degree of A. B. In the following September she assumed her present position.

MARY E. STEVENS.

ELOCUTION.—Attended Mt. Morris College, and afterwards graduated at the Columbia School of Oratory, Chicago, Ill. She has taught in Fairfax, Ill., and in Memphis, Tenn., where she remained until she came to Fort Wayne, to accept her present position.

WILLIAM MILES.

INSTRUCTOR IN VOCAL MUSIC. He has studied music in Wales, New York, and Chicago, and has for many years been prominent in the musical circles of Fort Wayne. He accepted the position of Instructor in Vocal Music in the city schools in the fall of 1896.

'98 Sonnet.

They are over, our school days are over;
Our bright, happy school life is gone.
We are going, God knows whither,
In the long, long years to come.
But we'll always remember the High School,
And the lessons we've learned in its halls,
The words and advice of our teachers;
And go where our duty calls.
We will try to be true to our motto,
To guide with a firm steady hand,
To stand at the helm with a purpose,
And steer our ship safe to the land.
Then when our voyage is over,
The ocean will not lie before;
For the winds and waves have been conquered,
And the bay is reached once more.

Classes
J.W.H.S.
'98

F

Senior Organization.

MOTTO.—"We have crossed the bay, the ocean lies before us."

FLOWERS.—Red and White Roses. COLORS.—Maroon and White.

YELL.—Rickety-rickety-rix, rah, room,
Zickety-zickety-white and maroon,
Blickety-blackety-siz-boom-bah!
Ninety-eight! Ninety-eight!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS.

PHILIP LUPRETTE BURGLEY, . . . President.

[illegible] . . . . Vice-President.
[illegible] FITCH, ... Treasurer.
[illegible] OLIVIA TENNANT, ... Historian.

ASAHEL JAY [illegible], ... Secretary.
MINNIE MAY ARNOLD, ... Poet.
KATHERYN [illegible], ... Prophet.

ROLL OF MEMBERS OF JENIOR CLASS

Minnie May Arnold—Latin.

'98 Class Poet; Junior Basket Ball Team.

Philip Everette Bursley—Latin.

Delta Sigma Nu; Class President '95, '96; '97, '98; D's of T.; Basket Ball Team; Referee Foot Ball Team; Event Committee '97 Field Day; Usher '97; Assistant Editor-in Chief *Vedette;* A A. A.

Wilbur Carpenter—Latin.

High School Debating Society; Basket Ball Team; Usher '97; A. A. A.

Katheryn Zella Evans—English.
'98 Prophet; Junior Basket Ball Team.

Bessie Florence Fitch—Latin.

Gertrude Fissel—English.

Kelsey David Fitch—English.
Business Manager *Vedette* Treasurer Basket Ball Team; Usher '97; Class Treasurer, '98; A. A. A.

Edwin Briant Fox—Latin.
Basket Ball Team; Usher, '97; E'Galantes; A. A. A.

Anna Cordela Jones—Latin.
Junior Basket Ball Team.

Ada Anne Keim—Latin.

Julia Christine Lund—Classical.

Maud Walker McBride Classical.

Dorris August Muirhead Latin.

E'Galantes; Usher, '97; High School Debating Society; Basket Ball Team; Editor Grinds *Vidette;* A. A. A.

Albert Parker English.

A. A. A.; Basket Ball Team; Usher '97

Charles Darwin Porter Classical.

Athletic Editor *Vidette;* A. A. A.; Usher, '97; Foot Ball Team.

George Henry Pressler—Latin.

High School Debating Society; Usher, '97; A. A. A.; Assistant Business Manager *Vidette;* Basket Ball Team.

Asahel Jay Read Classical.

Delta Sigma Nu; Editor-in-Chief *Vidette;* Class Secretary '96, '97; '97, '98; Usher, '97; President Basket Ball Team; Executive Committee '97 Field Day; A. A. A.

Helen Mae Reitze—Latin.

'97 Class Historian; '98 Class Vice President; S. S. S.

Mary Bell Seaton Latin.

Junior Basket Ball Team.

Elsie May Sheridan—English.

Literary Editor *Vedette;* High School Debating Society.

Anna Bailey Sinclair—English.

Aide-Toi Cooking Club; Junior Basket Ball Team.

Leah Olivia Tennant—Latin.

Aide-Toi Cooking Club; Assistant Grind Editor *Vedette;* S. S. S.; Junior Basket Ball Team.

Margeret Hamilton Wagenhals—Classical.

'97 Class Poet; Junior Basket Ball Team.

Lora Bell Walter—Classical.

Assistant Grind Editor *Vedette;* Aide-Toi Cooking Club; S. S. S., Junior Basket Ball Team.

Marian Agnes Webb—Latin.

Aide-Toi Cooking Club; Society Editor *Vedette;* S. S. S.

Gladys Higgins Williams—Classical.

Junior Basket Ball Team; High School Debating Society.

Louise Margeret Wolf—English.

Assistant Editor-in-Chief *Vedette.*

'98 History.

E HAVE now reached the highest round in the ladder of High School life. It has taken us four years to climb to this height, but now, pausing and looking down from our position, we are moved with deep compassion for the other climbers, and congratulate ourselves on our own good fortune. The first two years of our High School career were practically uneventful, and served merely as a preparation for the struggle which we were to undergo in the following years. From the very first we were regarded by the teachers as pupils having some ability, and also plenty of store-room for such information as they should intrust to us. Moreover, we were considered models of obedience and good behavior, nor did these virtues depart from us, as we gained in experience and knowledge. We naturally stood much in fear of our Principal on account of the "rumors which had come to our ears," but, after coming in contact with him at various times during this period, our unwarranted fears were gradually worn away, and respect took the place of them. During our second year we formed a class organization, a thing never done so early by any class previous to this time.

Our Junior year was filled with occasions when we differed in opinion from the Seniors, but fortunately the year closed without leaving a blot on either class. During the winter of this year, the young ladies distinguished themselves in the Basket Ball Tournament as the second best team in the city. About Christmas of the same year the Seniors succeeded in placing their grim and fiery colors on Mr. Lane's desk, right before our very eyes. We, of course, could not endure the sight, and took them down repeatedly, but finally through the kind, fatherly protection and oversight of Mr. Lane, they thought that they had silenced us forever. But they were soon to find out that we were not so easily vanquished for, not long afterwards, much to their dismay, we succeeded in placing our colors beside their own, and they were compelled to endure the sight until the close of school. But the crowning event of the year was the manner in which we chagrined the Seniors on commencement night. After affairs were well begun on that all important evening, slowly but surely (could the

audience believe their eyes!) there appeared in the "upper air" of the platform, a large '98 on a long banner of our glorious "Maroon and White." During the loud applause which immediately followed, the '97's had an opportunity to gaze about and find out what had occasioned the disturbance, and when they grasped the situation, after a swift exchange of glances among themselves, they cheered quite heartily. It was very noble of them, imagining what must have been their inward feelings; yet we feel that the annoyance which it caused them was no more than their just deserts, considering the fact that we are told, "Be sure your sin will find you out," and meditating on their conduct of the previous year.

As Seniors we reigned supreme and our right to rule was unquestioned by the wild, unobtrusive Juniors, who in no way interfered with our rights. This, our last year, was characterized by the fond affection lavished on us by our Principal to such an extent that several of our class were given front seats in order that he might always have them near him. Our class was also presented with the honor of being afforded two opportunities to display our literary accomplishments (?) before the whole school, a thing for which that organization no doubt feels deeply grateful to us (lessons were assumed twenty minutes later than usual.)

But soon the class of '98, as an organization, shall be no more, soon its members shall go forth to enter upon the duties and activities of life, for "We have crossed the bay; the ocean lies before." We rest assured that, wherever in the world our class may be represented in the future, the actions of the representative shall be such that will reflect credit and honor upon the "Maroon and White."

Prophecy '98.

DECLARE, O Muse, the fate of '98,
And help me on these pages to relate
The destiny of each and every one,
Who, in a few short weeks, will leave the home,
Where Greek and Latin, History and Science
Have been to some a joy, to some a grievance.
Among the orators and men of state
Will Bursley cast his lot, and great
Will be the fame he'll bring upon
His family. And next is Sheridan,
Elsie May; no daughter of the general is she;
Nor is she fated to be great as he.
But in the precincts of a district school
She'll learn to wield with force the dreaded rule.
Upon the Judge's bench, with smile serene,
An all-important man, is Parker seen.
Three leaders of society I see
G. Williams, Fissell, and Miss Helen Reitze.
While Julia Lund, a lover of much fun,
Will yet a *belle* be in more ways than one.
Miss Leah Tennant, born to reign and rule,
Will be the superintendent of a Sunday school.
All naughty boys will come to her for aid
'Gainst every wicked creature. A. J. Read
A portly deacon in his church will be,
And walk with stately mien and manner, free
From worldly thoughts and cares.
He'll treat the world with pompous air,
As though it were his own. Upon the second floor
Of some great dry goods, cloak or clothing store
Will Wilbur Carpenter, the graceful art
Of dancing teach, and elegance impart
To all. By the dissecting table, knife in hand,
A dreaded surgeon, Anna Jones doth stand.
Arms, feet, and fingers, everything in fact,
She'll amputate with one swift whack
Of her sharp knife. In Klondike fields,
A sleighing party pilot, Kelsey Fitch will wield

The driver's whip: and in the ditch
Or o'er the rocks, his sleigh's load will he pitch.
The great inventor of a curling iron,
G. Pressler will build up the Pressler firm
And make a fortune, which he then will spend
In paying for the missionary journeys of his friend.
Edwin Fox. Two maiden ladies next my eyes
Do view. In them I recognize
Miss Minnie Arnold and Miss Bessie Fitch.
The one does teach, the other by the stitch
Of her sharp needle, earns her bread.
The president of his country, D. Muirhead,
Will be a famous man, and great
Will be the questions he'll settle for the state.
Misses Seaton and Sinclair will take the veil,
Though of which kind, the Fates fail to reveal.
An ardent advocate of Woman's Rights,
Miss Maud McBride will join the fight
For universal suffrage. Lillian Read
Will her helper be, and advocate the need
Of dress reform. Such progress they will make
That women all will follow in their wake.
A happy, married life is Ada's fate,
Contrary to the custom, marvelous to relate.
No harsh words will her husband's fond heart stab.
And Agnes Marian will be the Webb
Within whose meshes, many an ardent youth
Will be entangled. All in vain! Forsooth,
She'll occupy the chair of chemistry
At Fort Wayne High School in the years to come.
But Margaret and Lora, each with happy home,
Will spend their lives in tranquil harmony.
There's but one more; a dentist she will be;
'Tis Louise Wolf, of whom I now foretell
She'll pull men's teeth through life, and pull them well.
Thus ends my prophecy. Thus have the Fates
Disclosed to me the things which merely indicate
The great and glorious destiny of '98.

CLASS
of
'99

Junior Organization.

MOTTO—Nothing is impossible to industry.

FLOWERS—"Thistle and Dandelion." COLORS—Royal Purple and Gold.

YELL—Ki-yi, yip-ya,
Whizzle, whazzle, whoo!
Ninety-nine get in line,
Ya! Whoo!

OFFICERS.

GEORGE [illegible] . . . . . President.
MARTHA MARY [illegible] . . . . Vice-President. [illegible] . . . . Secretary
HENRY EDWIN [illegible], ... Treasurer. [illegible], . . Poetess
AGNES MURDOCK, ... Historian. [illegible], Sergt.-at-Arms

History of the Class of '99.

N THE fall of '95, a class of about one hundred and fifty entered the High School. The fame of this class had already reached the public. We were given the highest and largest room in the building for the accommodation of our intellects—and our numbers. Although our worth was recognized by the teachers and the general public, the second-year class of that year were so conceited and so incapable of appreciating real ability, that they dared to make fun of the infant prodigy, the class of '99. But we held our tempers, and treated our would-be superiors with the scorn they deserved. Ere the close of our first year, however, even the patronizing "Sophs" recognized and envied the marked superiority of the class of '99.

We entered our second year full of life and enthusiasm, and ready for work. At the very beginning of the year we perfected a class organization. It was decided, almost unanimously, that we should form ourselves into a debating society. In making our constitution we had not the experience of any other class to help us, for we were the first to organize under a constitution. Many interesting and edifying debates were held during this year. In addition to our regular programme, prominent men of the city spoke to us on various topics of interest. We took a trip to Scotland, guided by Rev. J. S. Ainslie. The subject of "Civil Service Reform" was ably presented to us. One evening Mr. S. M. Foster spoke on its advantages; and at another meeting Col. R. S. Robertson set before us its disadvantages. Supt. Alexander Johnson delivered an address on "The Mother State and Her Weaker Children."

In our debating society, we constitute a miniature senate. All governments have their rebellions, but not all are able to come out victorious. In our little assembly, there arose a vile conspiracy. A secret plan was formed to overthrow our senate—to change our grand republic into an absolute monarchy with D. B. Douglass on the throne. The conspirators hired members of the first-year class to help in their base designs. But the plans were discovered, the patriots notified and the mercenaries put to flight. So right once more conquered wrong, and our glorious senate still remains.

There were several members of our class who were ambitious to become lawyers. Of course, they were anxious to try their skill and to gain experience in that profession. So, when an opportunity to do this presented itself, it was eagerly grasped by these members of our class. The opportunity came in the trial of an ex-treasurer of the class for embezzlement. The lawyers obtained their fees, experience and glory; but the prisoner was acquitted for lack of evidence against him.

The greatness of the class of '99 is not confined to mental ability. Many prizes were won by our members at the '97 field sports. The feature of the day, the relay race, was won by members of our class. Oh, how the Seniors and Juniors did envy us! As a prize for that race, our flag, the glorious purple and gold, was placed in the assembly room on the last day of school. Poor Juniors! It was so hard for them to control themselves.

The Seniors did not succeed in keeping their tempers. They thought that, because they were about to graduate, all the glory should be theirs. They very foolishly thought to avenge themselves on us by stealing, basely stealing, our colors. We let them wear their stolen finery until four o'clock, but could not, and would not, allow the purple and the gold to be insulted any longer. When school was out, our boys waited on the steps for the cowardly Seniors, and there forcibly took back our colors.

The principal took pity on the poor Seniors and intervened. He thought that it would be too bad to have them disfigured for graduation.

In our Junior year we held our first meeting very soon after the beginning of school. New officers were elected. Our interesting and edifying debates continued, as during the preceding year.

Among the debates delivered this year was on on the Curfew Ordinance. In the discussion that followed this debate it was proved that the class as a whole was in favor of the law in this city. It was proposed and carried that a report of the discussion, together with a petition for such a law in Fort Wayne, be signed by the members of the class and sent to the city council. This was done, and, although as yet nothing has come of it, this action shows what kind of citizens the members of the glorious class of '99 will make.

Perhaps some envious Senior will ask what good all this debating, etc., has done. Better had he asked what good it has not done. We have had experience in law, both parliamentary and criminal; and in war, both with tongues and with sword. We now know how a trial should be conducted and how to put down a rebellion. The class of '99 certainly has reason to be proud of its two years.

CLASS OF
'00

Sophomore Organization.

MOTTO—Present, quia posse videmur.

FLOWER—Jacqueminot Rose. COLORS—Olive Green and Crimson.

YELL—Rip-ra-ru, Rip-a-ru,
Zicky, Hicky, Ze-ma-choo,
Naughty-nought! Naughty-nu!
1900! Ru-rah-ru!

CHARLES C. BRACKENRIDGE, ... President.
[illegible] E, ... Vice-President.
[illegible] WILDING, ... Treasurer.
[illegible] ALBERTSON, ... Historian.
A. C. KEEL, Jr., ... Secretary
NELLIE VON WALKENBERG, . . . Poetess
DAVID V. JONES, ... Prophet

History of the Class of 1900.

HE HISTORY of 1900 has been a series of victories, complete and glorious. Her every effort has been crowned with the highest degree of success. Biology teaches that the lower forms of life precede the higher, that the flowerless plant precedes the flowering. A development of this sort has been noticeable in the classes of the Fort Wayne High School. The generalized structure has disappeared and a differentiation has taken place, and there is now, and has been since the fall of '97 when 1900 entered first year, a class of far superior capabilities.

We have always been a quiet, studious class. During our days in the attic, we toiled incessantly and fully mastered every subject placed before us. In reality, we were not First Years, because we never had that green, sickly, lazy look that always characterized a Freshman. There was no other chance, however, and we made the best of the situation.

Our class comes up to as high a standard in athletics as it does in scholarship. On field day our men were able to capture their share of the prizes.

One of our victories occurred in June, '97, when we routed '99 and made them fairly bite the dust.

Our second year has been spent in quiet, hard study. Early in the year we organized with the largest enrollment on record in this school. A Literary Club was also organized, which has proved a great success, and we have spent many evenings together, both with great pleasure and profit, looking into the lives of some of our great writers.

At present we are steadily pressing onward and upward with Excelsior for our banner. The greatest hopes and highest ambitions urge us on. Success and glory accompany every step; and when the sun sinks in the golden horizon on our graduation day, it will have looked upon the greatest class that ever has, or ever will receive a sheep-skin.

'00 Class Poem.

"Books to the right of them,
Books to the left of them,
Books in front of them,"
The class of 1900.
Chock full of learning,
Fame they are earning,
From the front never turning,
Not one of them blundered.

Early and late, with book and slate,
The country and state,
Were they turning.
For knowledge is power,
Every day, every hour,
And this class was the flower
Of learning.

They'll watch the old century out,
The new one in,—with a shout,
With clear brains and hearts that are stout,
The class of 1900.
For they had been taught,
By teachers, who wrought
Wonders of wit and thought
Unnumbered.

We know this class,
Every lad and lass,
Will look back to the past
With hearts full of love and yearning
To those kind teachers, who
Ever loving and true,
Saw them safely through
Every crook and turning.

To the years gone through,
And to you
Kind hearts and true,
We'll bid adieu,
In 1900.

CLASS
of '01

Freshman Organization.

Naught-one! Naught-one!
We're the class of naught one.
Naught-one! Naught-one!
We're the class of naught one.

1825036

OFFICERS.

. . . . . President.

. . . . . Secretary.

. . . . . Treasurer

. . . . . Poetess

. . . . . Historian.

★ History of the Class of '01.

IN ALL the experience of the Fort Wayne High School there never entered such a large number of students as on the 13th day of September, 1897, and this large number of students makes up the famous class of 1901. This class of 1901 is the first class that ever organized in the first year of their High School life. At the first meeting, which was held the 5th day of October, officers were elected, and the class took for their motto: "We came; we saw; we conquered," and decided that red and blue were to be the class colors, and their class flower was to be the lily of the valley. Later on in the year the class was organized into a debating society. The Seniors and the witty Sophomores came to the first several meetings for the purpose of making fun of us; but when they saw what great power, both mental and physical, the class of 1901 had, they were disheartened, and came after that to gain knowledge so they could conduct their own meetings with greater success. Several Freshmen concluded to visit a meeting conducted by the Sophomores, not for the purpose of gaining information, but just for mere curiosity. The Sophomores did their best, but they were afraid of making mistakes, and requested the Freshmen to leave, and the Freshmen took pity upon them and left them to themselves to blush at their own ignorance. The members of the class of 1901 are proud of their class after seeing what it has accomplished in one year of it's existence, with all the opposition of the other classes.

HISTORIAN.

The editors of *The Weekly* wish it to be understood that this is not the production of a Senior.

'01 Class Poem.

In order to be studious, intellectual and bright,
We, Fort Wayne "Freshmen" have started our year right;
Not knowing or caring what others have done,
We have organized, held class meetings, and taken part, every one

Just to show the mighty Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and all,
That we have the energy to occupy the hall
Which has never seen Freshmen organize a class;
And, indeed, our officers do all others surpass.

Pluck and energy are stimulants to the mind,
Without these great helps we will fall behind.
So let us take courage and press for the goal,
We'll be sure to end right, with our name on the roll.

Now, these lines I have written by your own direction,
And are the evil results of the last election;
You have my sympathy which is deep and sincere,
But there is no relief till the close of the year.

'99 Class Poem.

Our ship rides at anchor on life's bright strand,
  Where the wavelets leap in glee;
Where the builders toiled with heart and hand,
  Fitting our sails for the sea.

Expectant we stood, with our hearts full of cheer,
  With nothing to daunt or dismay,
While the beacon "Hope" shone bright and clear
  To lead us on our way.

The good ship was ready, and with "Hope" always near,
  We were sure it would safely guide us
To our first harbor, our Freshman year,
  No matter what evil betide us.

Sometimes fog made our light become dim,
  For our lessons were hard and long,
But as "Hope" must always the victory win,
  The rays soon again grew bright and strong.

So safely we passed through the treacherous gales,
  We'd gained wisdom. So what could we fear?
And our ships of gold with their purple sails,
  Anchored firm in our second year.

Then once again, "On, on!" we cried.
  So, with our banner flying o'er us,
Ninety-nine left "x" and "y,"
  To struggle with "planes" before us.

Here we stand in our Junior year,
  Our anchor has safely been cast,
And with "Hope" on our banner of purple and gold,
  We'll reach the end of our journey at last.

Onward we go, while our banner still shines,
  Against the sea in its might,
And over the class of Ninety-nine,
  Shall follow "Hope's" guiding light.

Hopeful of heart, the while sailing the sea,
  We'll work with a right good will.
Happy we'll be till the parting day comes,
  For we stand at our moorings still.

The Secret of the Rose.

Up to my latticed window crept
Two buds. Within their bosoms slept
A wealth of hidden sweetness all untold.
As day by day I watched them there
They whispered low of secrets fair
Their dainty petals one day would unfold.

And when no longer buds, their arms
Out-stretched to me, the roses charms
Revealed; I longed to pluck one for my own.
And yet I could not choose, for each
Was fair, and both beyond my reach.
So I must wait 'till one was nearer grown.

'Twas then the red, red rose awoke,
With face upturned to mine it spoke:
"Take me, for I am youth, and love, and life,
My blood-red petals beauties bear,
That makes me fair beyond compare;
Take me, for I am strength in human strife."

Its sweet companion raised her head,
In gentler tones the white rose said:
"Take me, for I am peace and purity,
My spotless robe is better far
Than brightest gown. No colors mar
My virgin beauty. Maiden, choose thou me."

I bent to pluck the red, red rose,
For youth and love and life that glows
With strength and power, beautiful indeed;
But still unsatisfied I stooped
To pluck the white rose as it drooped,
The plea of peace and purity to heed.

As petals kissed, the white and red
Seemed purer far—their perfumes spread
In mingled sweetness. Peace and purity
Must ever temper youth and life
And love and strength in human strife.
This secret did the roses breathe to me.

JOSEPHINE PAGE, '93.

Choosing a Course of Study.

N THE good old days the choosing of a course of study was by no means a perplexing problem. The young student entering the high school had only to determine whether or not he was going to college. If yes, he would study Latin, Greek and mathematics; if no, he would most likely choose the English course, so called because English formed no part of it. In this particular, all courses were much alike.

Life is in all ways a vastly more complex thing now than then; and high school and college courses of study have shared in the general development from the simple to the complex. In fact, they merely reflect the great variety of interests that mark the intellectual life of our day. High school courses of study have been profoundly influenced by the great colleges and universities. In these, a dozen new departments have sprung up in the last thirty years. The zealous and able specialists at the head of these departments have sought to push their various subjects down into the high schools and even into the grades below. At one time the avalanche of subjects that came crashing down from the Alpine heights of learning, seemed likely to overwhelm the helpless students of the high schools. But of late there are signs of returning sanity. It is coming to be understood that the time at the disposal of the program maker is strictly limited; that the rational and healthy development of a normally constituted mind requires training in these five great departments of human thought, viz: Mathematics, language and literature, the natural and physical sciences, and history; that in language and literature we must include our native tongue and must not exclude the foreign languages; that every study undertaken at all must be pursued long enough to effect the the results it is calculated to effect.

At a meeting of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, held in Chicago, in February, 1897, the following resolution was debated and adopted: "Resolved, That in the opinion of this association the introduction of short courses in many subjects for the same pupils in secondary schools, is not pedagogical, and that the reverse plan ought to be adopted—fewer subjects, each adapted to the needs of the individual pupil, and continued in every case at least one year; that instruction in secondary schools should be the same for students who intend to go to college and for those who do not." This association is composed of the ablest educators from ten of the north central states, and the above resolution may therefore be taken as the matured expression of educated opinion.

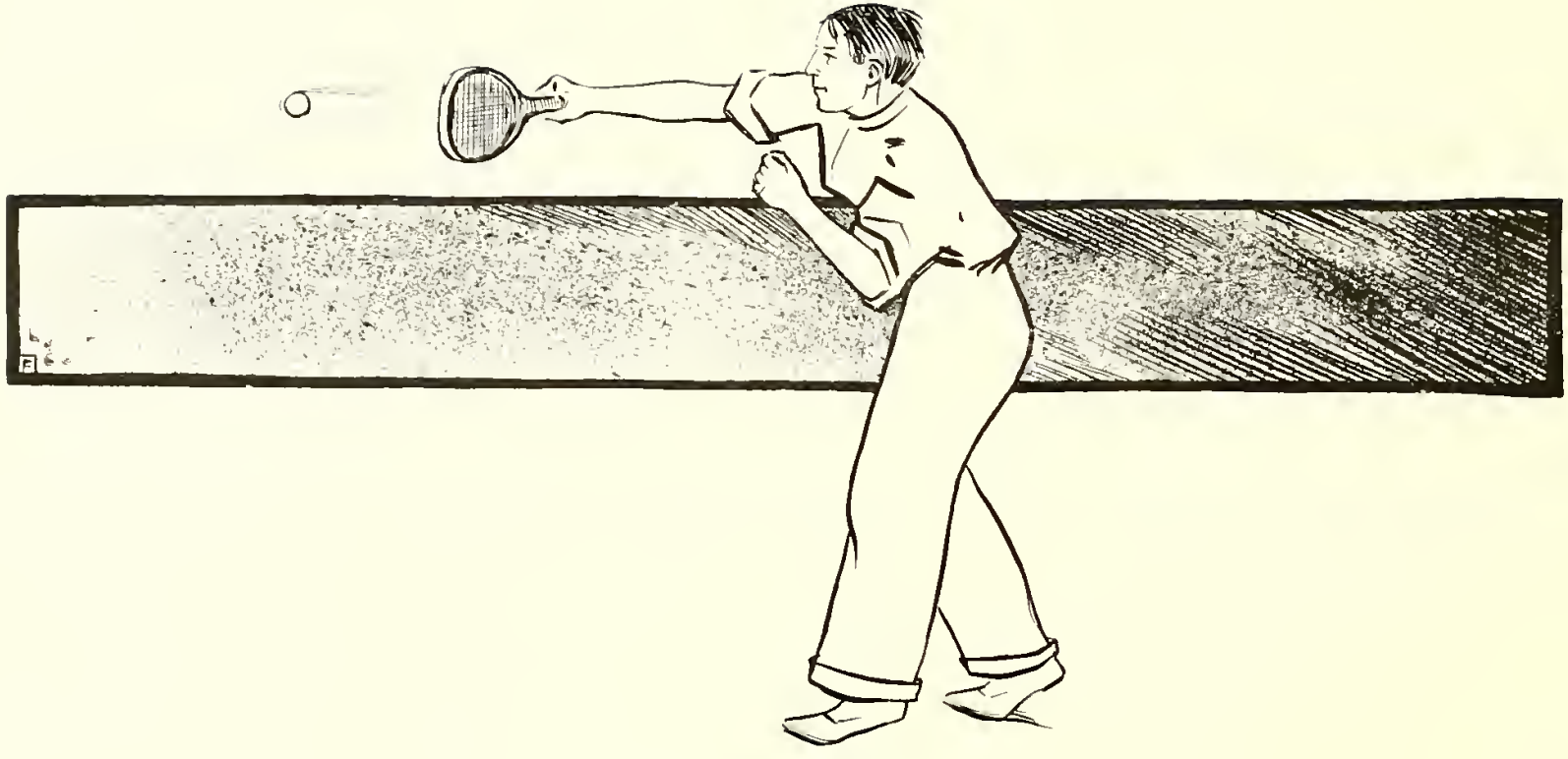
An attempt to apply the principles and opinions above briefly stated naturally leads to the formation of several different courses of study, among which the student upon entering the high school must choose. There will probably be a course containing Latin and Greek, another containing Latin and German, another containing either Latin or German, and perhaps one containing no foreign language at all. Courses containing two foreign languages will offer less work in natural and physical sciences and in

history (like those containing but one). The course combining no foreign language will be strong in English, science, and history. On what consideration should the student make his choice between these several courses?

The choice is important and ought to be made as intelligently as possible. If it were possible to know for what grounds every student makes his choice of a course, there would certainly be some amusing and perhaps some startling disclosures. One rushes at the Latin course because a friend in the next higher class has found Latin a delightful study; another avoids it because a friend has found the subject "horrid." One elects the English course because he has heard someone say that Latin is not "practical;" another is determined in his choice by a desire to avoid some subject he has heard his acquaintances in the higher classes stigmatize as "hard." Selection of a course is often made for these and similar unprincipled reasons, nor is there any effective remedy. Only omniscience can look into a student's mind, analyze its elements of strength and weakness, determine its native bias, and prescribe a course of study perfectly adapted to each individual constitution. The most that the wisest mortal can do is to offer a little general advice, vague and indefinite at the best. There can be no question that if a student is certainly, or probably, going to college, he should choose a course with a foreign language in it. He is not called upon to decide whether he will take two foreign languages until the beginning of the second year. If he has taken Latin in the first year, he may take Greek in the second, but unless his Latin work has been strong, he should not take Greek at all. Whether he should take Greek under any circumstances ought to depend upon the line of study he proposes to pursue in college. It is at least doubtful whether any student who has not a college course in view, should elect Greek.

Whether a student who proposes to study but one foreign language should elect Latin or German is a question upon which the writer does not feel disposed to dogmatize. President Schurman, of Cornell, expresses the following opinion: "The readiest means of mastering our own tongue is to study it along with another; and whether we consider its inflectional and syntactical contrasts, the affinities of its vocabulary, its historical relationship to the languages of modern Europe, or the large place it fills in the annals of civilization, we shall scarcely hesitate in selecting Latin as the linguistic complement of which we are in quest. As much Latin as can be learned in the secondary schools can be vindicated as a requirement even for pupils whose parents might consider a modern language more useful or practical." Additional reasons for electing Latin instead of German are these. Unless Latin is studied in the high school it cannot well be taken in college, while German or any modern language may be begun there, and if Latin is elected, two years of German may, if desired, be had in the last two years of the high school course. It cannot be denied, however, that four years of thorough training in German is valuable as discipline and as opening up to a earnest student one of the noblest of modern literatures. It is hoped that after this year an opportunity to study German will be offered to the students of our high school.

C. T. LANE.



The Athletic Association.

"WHAT WAS that the principal announced?" gasped the new scholar, speaking over his shoulder to the boy behind him, while he looked anxiously across the room in a diagonal manner. "A meeting of the F. W. H. S. A. A. A.? What do all those letters mean?"

"Lots of things," came the reply. "Sport of all kinds. Field day and foot ball and base ball, and just now a meeting down stairs to elect officers for the association, and we're going to try to work the new treasurer for some foot ball money to run the field day with—and there'll be all kinds of fun."

"Where I came from," said the new boy, "there was a debating society and a society for the protection of all kinds of unprotected things, but there wasn't anything labeled like that——." But just here the inevitable occurred, for as the conversation had grown in interest, discretion had been thrown to the winds. A pressing invitation was promptly accepted and the pair marched quickly forward to a well-worn seat of honor where now were told they might finish their conversation free from the disconcerting contusion of the closing minutes of school.

"Just my luck," said the old scholar, "to have this honor thrust on me at an inopportune moment. I wanted to attend that meeting, and it's certain we shall have to continue conversing until its broken up."

"It won't make so much difference, though, for it will be the same old thing. They will elect two teachers for officers, so that the funds will be safe."

"What?" cried the new boy, "aren't there any honest boys in the school? I'm sure I could take care of—" "Oh," retorted the old boy, "don't mention it. Course everybody is honest, only the foot ball players don't want a track-event crank or a tennis fan to keep the stuff, 'cause he might spend it all his way, and there isn't a scholar that doesn't lean towords something. There is no danger with the teachers, however, for we do not allow them to enter any events. We did talk of making a special track event for them with a sort of booby prize, but so many were afraid that their records might throw a shadow on the splendor of ours, that it was abandoned. Of course," he mused, "they would not undress as completely as we do, and with their extra clothes they might not eclipse us so very much after all. But it's best to be on the safe side, and we just make them judges or starters, or give them some menial jobs that always turn up on Field Day, and they don't get time to even think about competing. That's the way we fix them." "And what do the teachers get out of it?" asked the new boy.

"Why, glory, of course; and complimentaries to Field Day some years. And then they get their names printed on the programs in all kinds of unique and bizarre ways, with psuedo handles or no handles at all, according to the wit and intelligence of the arrangements committee." "I don't understand what you mean," said the new boy. "Hunt up last year's program and you will see what I mean," said the old boy.

At this point he caught the principal's eye and looked up so beseechingly that both were allowed to go. They rushed down stairs and met the members of the association coming out of No. 6, for the meeting was just over. "Who are the new officers?" asked the old boy. "Re-elected the former recumbents," said a first year boy.

A. B. CROWE.

High School Amateur Athletic Association,

Fourth Annual Field Day,

Driving Park, Friday, May 28, 1898.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

NORMAN E. OLDS. A. J. READ. WALTER GRIFFITHS.

EVENT COMMITTEE.

PHILIP BURSLEY. RALPH YARNELLE.
HERBERT LANG.

PRIZE COMMITTEE.

JOHN JOHNSON. JIM WILSON. EDWIN ORR.
OLIVER HEBERT. ROBERT KELL.

REFEREE.

MR. A. B. CROWE.

STARTER.

PROF. LOVELESS.

JUDGES.

GENE OLDS. MR. C. T. LANE.
W. SHEPPARD.

TIMERS.

DON HAYDEN. MARION BLACK.
JNO. CROWE.

ANNOUNCER.

WILL JOHNSON.

SCORER.

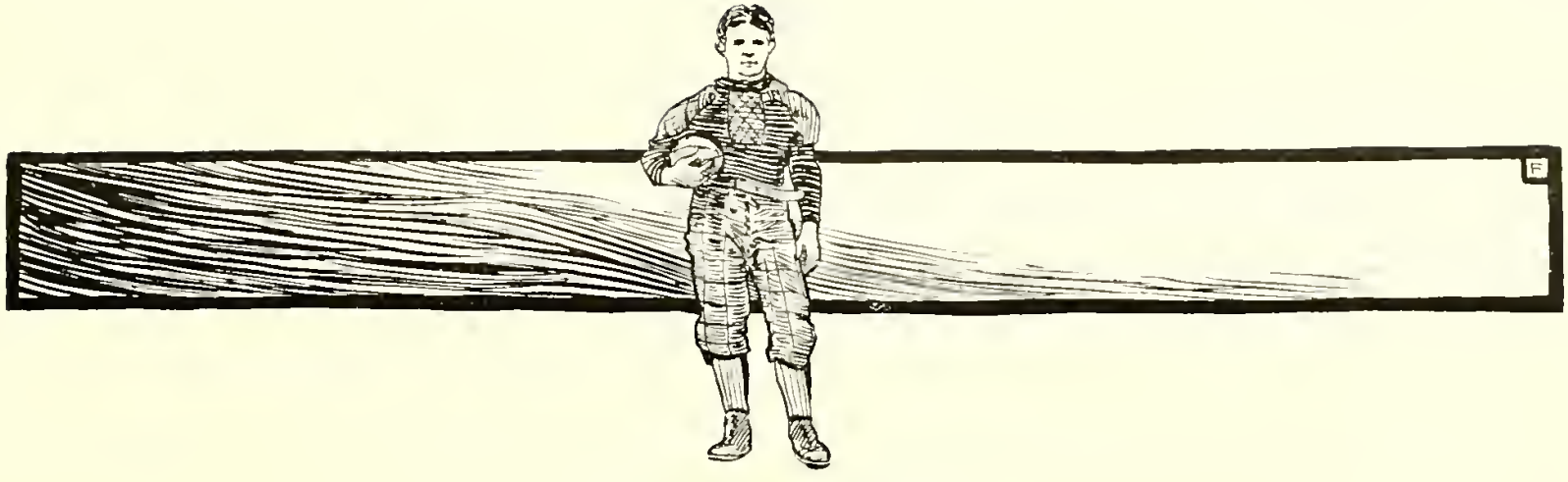
MR. H. O. WISE.

CLERK OF COURSE.

A. BRADLEY.

HANDICAPPER.

WILL PELTIER.



TEAM OF '97.

A. J. Read.....Manager.

Norman Olds.....Captain. Philip Bursley.....Referee

Charles Thayer, '01.....Center.	David Jones, '00.....Quarter Back.
Jim Wilson, '99.....Right Guard.	Ralph Yarnelle, 97.....Right Half Back.
John Johnson, '99.....Left Guard.	Clyde Dreisback, '97.....Left Half Back.
Davis Koch, '01.....Left Tackle.	Walter Crim, '97.....Left End.
Walter Hamilton, '01.....Right Tackle.	Charles Porter, '98.....Right End.

Norman Olds, '98.....Full Back.

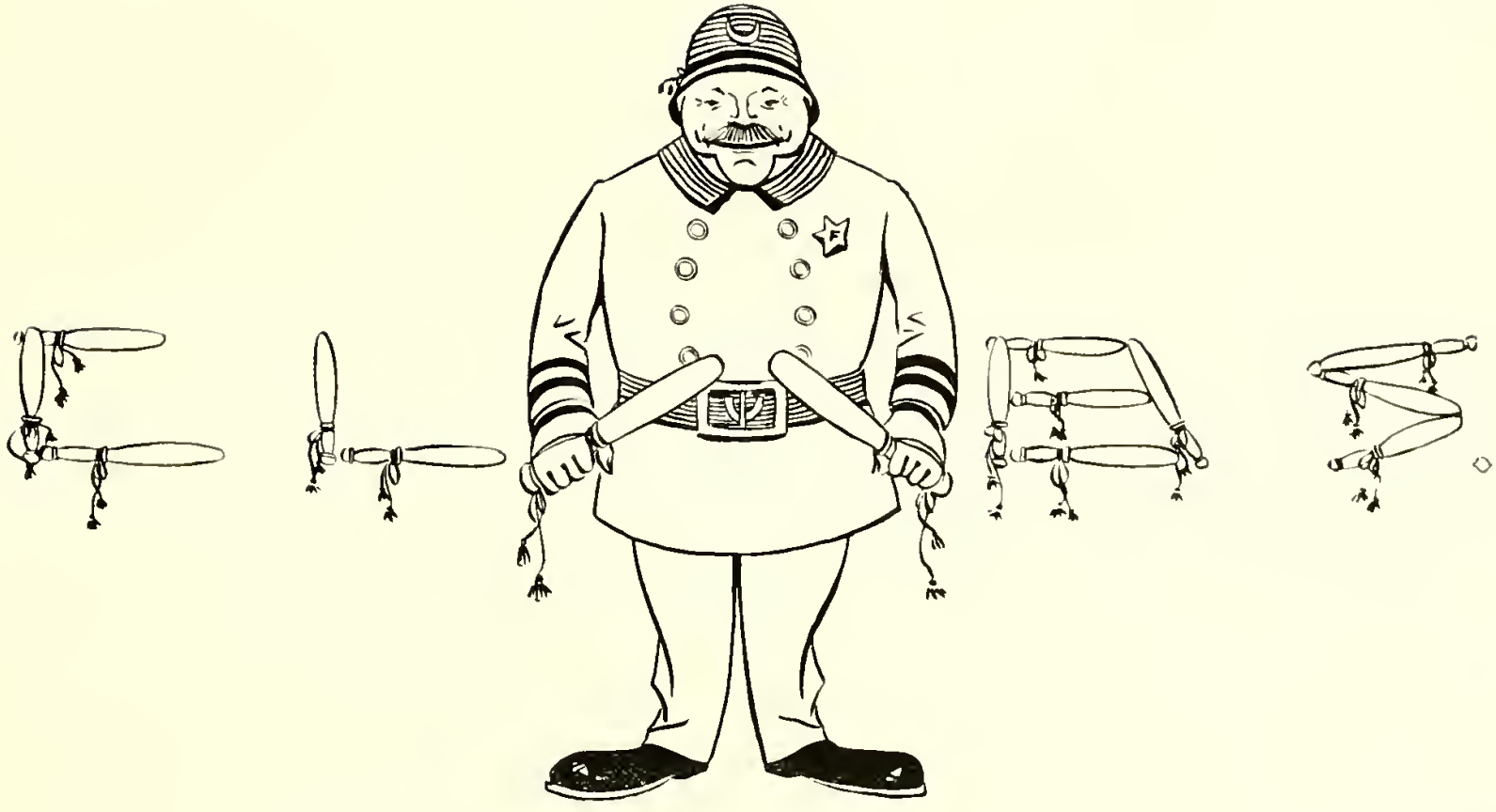
SUBSTITUTES.

Simmers, '99. Newton, '01. Hopkins, '00.

Records of the Fort Wayne High School Athletic Association.

	TIME.		YEAR.	NAME.	CLASS.
50 yard dash	5 1-2	sec	1897	J. Wilson,	'99
100 yard dash	10 1-2	sec	1897	J. Wilson,	'99
220 yard dash	24 3-5	sec	1896	Stonecifer,	'96
440 yard dash	56	sec	1897	Schultz,	'98
Half mile run	2 min. 34	sec	1895	D. McDonald,	'96
One mile run	5 min. 35	sec	1895	D. McDonald,	'96
120 yard hurdle	20 1-4	sec	1895	Orff,	'97
Quarter mile walk	1 min. 43 3-4	sec	1897	Crim,	'97
Potato race	1 min. 15	sec	1895	Bursley,	'95
Obstacle race	25	sec	1895	Bursley,	'95
One mile bicycle race	2 min. 45	sec	1895	Hayden,	'96
Two mile bicycle-lap race	7 min. 28	sec	1897	Dawson,	'00
Three legged race, (100 yds)	14	sec	1897	Huston & Miller,	'00
Half mile relay race	1 min. 26	sec	1897	Team of	'99

	DISTANCE.		YEAR.	NAME.	CLASS.
Running high jump	4 ft. 10½	in	1896	Keil,	'98
Running hop, step and jump	38 ft.	in	1896	Stonecifer,	'96
Standing hop, step and jump	27 ft. 2½	in	1896	Stonecifer,	'96
Running broad jump	18 ft.	in	1895	Orff,	'97
Standing broad jump	8 ft. 10	in	1895	F. Davis,	'95
Throwing hammer	95 ft. 8	in	1895	Jno. Bass, Jr,	'98
Putting shot	39 ft. 6	in	1895	Jno. Bass, Jr.,	'98
Throwing base ball	306 ft. 6	in	1895	Orff,	'97
Throwing foot ball	105 ft. 7	in	1895	D. McDonald,	'96



Devotees of Terpsichore.

OFFICERS.

EDWARD T. REITZE, ... President.
DONALD J. HAYDEN, ... Treasurer.
JNO. A. GEISMAR, ... Secretary.

MEMBERS.

Fred H. Ash.
R. A. Bradley.
Chas. Bond.
Frank Bond.
Philip Bursley.
Fred G. Deihl.
Morris Evans.
Delmar B Fitch.
John A. Geismar.
Ed. Gilmartin.
Jas. Hamilton.
Donald J. Hayden.
Elwin N. Hulse.
Alfred Kane.
Charles Lang.
Herbert N. Lang.
Ralph C. Lane.
Jno. E. Moring.
Robt. E. Orff.
Harry A. Perfect.
Guy Perfect.
A. E. Smith.
C. M. Smith.
Edward E. Taylor.
Walter R. Seavey.
Clarence Swain.
P. Arthur Young.
Charles E. Zollars.

HONORARY.

Edward Jamieson.

E' Galantes.

COLORS :—Yellow and White.

OFFICERS.

ROBERT V. CRAGG,.....President.
HUGH N. CROXTON,.....First Vice-President.
B. LOUIS AUGER.....Second Vice-President.
CLYDE F. DRIESBACH,.....Secretary and Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

John P. Anderson.
B. Louis Auger.
William J. Birbeck.
Oscar R. Brokaw.
Robert V. Cragg.
Hugh W. Croxton.
Archie Dexter.
Theodore Dodane.
Clyde F. Driesbach.
Bert Duesler.
Edwin B. Fox.
Walter W. Griffiths.
Albert C. Haberkorn.
T. Lee Heller.
Alfred L. Kane.
A. Chester Keel.
Claude J. Keplinger
Adolph J. Morrell.
Dorris A. Muirhead.
Norman E. Olds.
Jud Overmeyer.
A. J. Read
Edward T. Reitze.
Arthur J. Shuman.
Chauncey Stevens.
Carl H. Upmeyer.
Frank Webster.
Carl H. Zurmuehlen.

HONORARY.

Clarence E. Fryer.
Horace Zollars

"Civilized man cannot live without dining."

High School Cooking Clubs.

Aide-Toi Cooking Club.

COLORS:—Yale Blue and Silver.

MEMBERS.

Bessie Cherry. Anna Sinclair. Blanche Tinkham. Leah Tennant Grace Walter.
Lora Walter. Marian Webb. Edith Welsheimer.

Although many think that the era of the "new woman" is at hand, there are still those who are learning to cook. This organization of High School girls has made rapid progress along that line, and if the club only continues, the members will undoubtedly be experts in the near future.

N. S. S. Cooking Club.

COLORS: Scarlet and Silver.

MEMBERS.

Lotta Geismar. LeOra Kanaga. Clara Poole. Clara Sheppard.
Mae Sheppard. Mamie Tower.

"Queens of Our Realm" Cooking Club, I. C. T.

COLORS :—Emerald Green and White.

OFFICERS.

NELLIE LAWSON.....President.
ELSIE JACKSON.....Secretary and Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

Carrie Glenn. Elsie Jackson. Lilian Lauferty. Nellie Lawson.
Myrtle Long. Marie McLain. Alma Paul.

WHICH?

"Queens of Our Realm"—uncertain name.
That puzzles and enchants you,
For of the "Realm"—and what it is
The name no knowledge grants you.
You know we're seven maidens fair,
You know we're first-class cooks,
And ah! you know to well—too well.
The danger in sweet looks.
The myst'ry does our charms enhance,
And added charms imparts,
For are we Queens of Rolling-pins,
Or are we Queens of Hearts?

F. F. S. Cooking Club.

FLOWER: Pink Carnation. COLORS: - Pink and Green.

MEMBERS.

Almama Beebe — Anna Biddle. — Verra Graffe. — Anna Newton.
Ella McCollough. — Clara O'Rourke.

Even the Freshman class has a cooking club, and it is certainly a progressive one. Every two weeks a dinner is given which is prepared by the members themselves. So, perhaps, they are not "Freshmen" in cooking.

Alumni Association of the Fort Wayne High School.

OFFICERS.

FREDERICK C. MCCRACKEN, '96 ..... President.
JAMES M. HAMILTON, '95 ..... Vice-President.
BERTHA E. JACKSON, '95 ..... Secretary and Treasurer.

Organized September 17, 1896.

Junior Musical.

MOTTO:—"Progress is made by works alone, not by talking."—*Mendelssohn.*

COLORS:—Red and White. FLOWER: Carnation.

OFFICERS:

NELLIE C. LAWSON,.....President.
LILIAN LAUFERTY,.....Vice-President.
FLORENCE SULLIVAN,.....Secretary.
GERTRUDE BEUKE,.....Treasurer.
ETHELWYN TAYLOR,.....
ETHEL B. SAYLOR,..... Program Committee.
NELLIE C. LAWSON,.....

MEMBERS.

Gertrude Beuke.	Reada Lamley.	Alma Paul.	Ethel B. Saylor.
Lottie Geismar.	Lilian Lauferty.	Laura Peltier.	Florence Sullivan.
LeOra Kanaga.	Myrtle Long.	Clara Poole.	Nellie C. Lawson.

Ethelwyn Taylor.

The Junior Musical was organized August 15, 1895, with a membership of four, namely, Ethelwyn Taylor, Ethel Saylor, Lotta Geismar and Nellie Lawson; but by October, 1897, the membership had increased to thirteen. The object of the club is to form and to educate a musical taste among its members by the study of the lives and works of the great musicians as embodied in the knowledge of different instruments and methods. Papers on the opera, oratorio, ancient and modern music, etc., are prepared by the different members, and are read at the regular meetings which are held every two weeks, from October to June inclusive. It is the sincere hope of its members that the club will eventually become an established organization in our city.

ΔΣΝ

Delta Sigma Nu.

FLOWER:—Meteor Carnation. COLORS. Olive Green and Wine.

CHAPTERS.

ALPHA ANN ARBOR HIGH SCHOOL ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Founded, 1891.

ALPHA OF INDIANA- FORT WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL--Fort Wayne, Ind.

Organized, 1895.

ALPHA OF WISCONSIN ST. JOHNS HIGH SCHOOL- ST. JOHNS, WIS.

Organized, 1897.

YELL Ring! Chang! Bang!
Kip! Rah! Ku!
Fort Wayne High School,
Delta Sigma Nu!

Delta Sigma Nu.

ALPHA OF INDIANA.

CHARTER MEMBERS.

Alfred Murray Cressler, '95.
John Jacob Stahl, '95.
Fred Morrison Gregg, '97.
Frederick Barnett Shoaff, '95.
Guy Reed Bell, '97.
George Halliway Cressler, '96.
Ronald Randolph Purman, '97.
James Montgomery Hamilton, '95.
Joseph Aldrich Bursley, '95.
Donald McDonald, '95.
Ralph Emerson Chapin, '95.
Frank Edwin Davis, '95.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

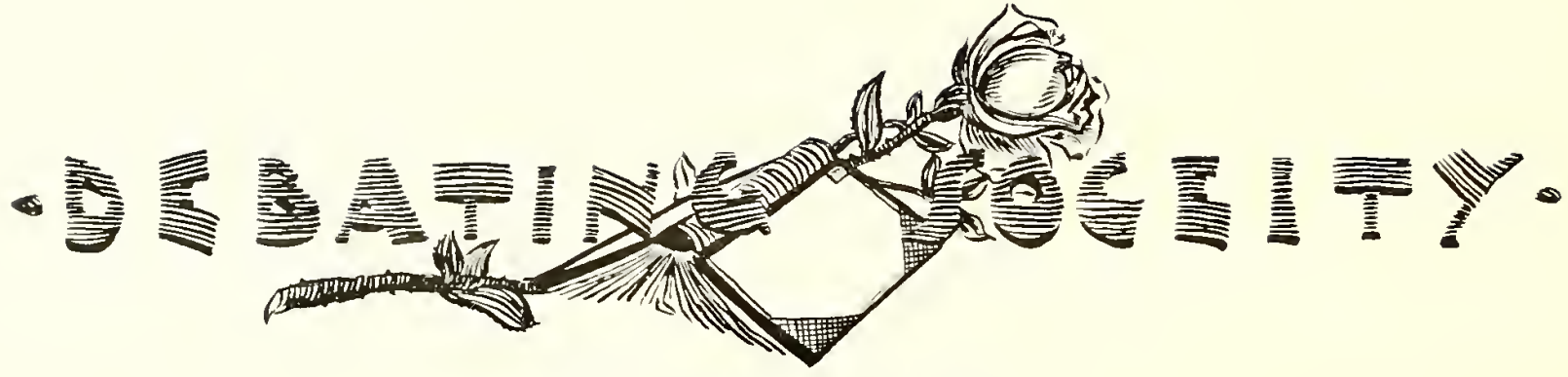
Hugh Glenn Keegan.
Harvey Edsall Crane.
Lee James Ninde.
Edward Tobias Reitze.

ALUMNI MEMBERS.

Frank Edwin Davis, '95.
George Halliway Cressler, '96.
Frederick Morrison Gregg, '97.
Ralph Emerson Chapin, '95.
Donald McDonald, '96.
Ronald Randolph Purman, '97.
Joseph Aldrich Bursley, '95.
John Jacob Stahl, '95.
Frederick Barnett Shoaff, '95.
James Montgomery Hamilton, '95.
Alfred Murray Cressler, '95.
Charles Douglass Barrett, '97.
Guy Reed Bell, '97.
Hugh Worthington Croxton, '97.
Walter Henshaw Crim, '97.
George Perry McDonald, '97.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Benjamin Rector Bell, '98.
Asahel Jay Read, '98.
Raymond Handron Barrows, '01.
Charles Starr Brackenridge, '00.
Philip Everette Bursley, '98.



Debating Society.

OFFICERS.

GORDON D. EVELAND, ... President.
GEORGE PRESSLER, '98, ... Vice-President.
CHARLES S. BRACKENRIDGE, '00, ... Secretary.
EDWIN ORR, '99, ... Treasurer.
HUGH SMALTZ, '00, ... Historian.
JOHN SIMMERS, 99, ... Sergeant-at-Arms.

In February, 1898, the Union Debating Society was organized, consisting of Senior, Junior, and Second Year Classes. During the past year the class of '99 has had a flourishing debating society, and just recently did it conceive the plan of organizing a union lyceum in which the higher classes could join. It was a bright idea, and no doubt already many have been benefited by it, and in the future many more will be. The meetings of this organization are held every two weeks, at which the important questions of the times are debated upon by the different members. Again, talks are often given by leading men of the city. Thus it will be seen that the meetings are instructive as well as entertaining. It is sincerely hoped that it may be a grand success, and that, as a union lyceum, it may be a permanent organization of our High School.

West End Golf Club.

FLOWER :- Red and White Carnation. COLORS Red and White

OFFICERS.

ANDREW ELLISON,.....President.
E. RALPH YARNELLE, ...Vice-President.
CARL WOODWORTH,.....Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

Addie Deither. Edith Philley. Carl Deither. Norman Olds
G. Lura Fee. Jessie Reitze. Andrew Ellison. Arthur Peters
Marjorie Olds. Alma Reuss. Charles Hanna. Guy A. Smith.
Hazel B. Pearse. Della Russell. Charles Hughes. Carl Woodworth.
E. Ralph Yarnelle.

The Auntie Gossipers.

MEMBERS.

Carrie Glenn. Lilian Lauferty. Marie McLain. Elsie Jackson
Nellie Lawson. Myrtle Long Alma Paul.

Brown-Eyed Susans, L. Q. O. H.

OFFICERS.

ESTHER MCDONALD,.....President.
LURA FEE,.....Editor.

MEMBERS.

Addie Deither. Esther McDonald. Jessie Reitze. Della Russell
Lura Fee. Edith Philley.

Love.

I planted a seed by the dim twilight,
In a land close by the sea;
So fertile the soil that a single night
Brought forth a budding tree.
I watered it daily with tender care;
I watched those buds unfold,
Each whispering hints to the eager air
Of secrets soon to be told.

The glittering rays of the morning sun
That shone through a silver mist,
Fell in love with my tree, and every one
To its tender breast for a moment clung,
And shedding a tear of sparkling dew,
Sped away to some other love.
But at every spot that each ray kissed,
A beautiful flower grew;
And the crystal tears that the sunbeam shed,
Kissed the cheek of each neighboring drop,
Were quickened to life in a single head
Of golden fruit which hung near the top.

The leaves were fairer than other leaves
The flowers as fair as fair could be;
And the single fruit with its golden heart
Seemed made for eternity.

But the fruit soon rotted, 'twas stung by a bee:
The flowers faded away;
A night wind crossed with a blighting frost,
And the leaves dropped from the tree;
The worms ate the roots and the tender bark:
The soft white trunk grew dank and dark,
So I cut it down one day.

The ground was my heart, the seed was love,
My dreams for the future, the tree:
But my heart is sodden and heavy as lead;
The love I cherished is long since dead,
And my dreams have ceased to be.

Origin of the Fort Wayne High School.

MANY, MANY years ago, (judging from the present appearance,) an Indian brave had an extremely bewildering dream. In this most wonderful and prolific vision, he was told that in the fertile valley of the Maumee were to be planted, upon small ground, four tribes, occupying thirteen territories, and that these tribes were to be governed by numerous qualified chiefs, and that above all was to be one all-powerful. For a time this mighty warrior was much perplexed, but he went to his "Happy Hunting Ground" to have his dream interpreted. He was told that the four tribes must be the four classes, then called Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, and that they were to occupy thirteen rooms made into the form of a school. As the tribes were to occupy small territory they should be piled in three layers: that is, the least important, the Freshman, in the attic, where danger is most imminent, the Sophomore, or babes, in the lower story, as that is where they would probably be most comfortable, and the Juniors and Seniors in the second.

It has been said by a Frenchman, that the school puts him in mind of a barrel of his beer—"froth on top, dregs in the bottom, but good stuff in the middle."

The numerous chiefs are the teachers, who are placed here for our exclusive welfare. The all powerful is the principal, a very able-bodied chief, who sees that little mischief is done in his territory. He is accuser, judge and punisher, in fact, he is absolute.

Oh! what a blessing was the dream and interpretation. The original tribes are gone and their names are changed by order of the almighty chief to Ninth grade, Tenth grade, Junior and Senior. However, the principal and some of the chiefs still remain and they all occupy the old territory, and in all probability always will remain as a monument of that achievement of the Indian tribes of the Maumee.

About this massive building has grown up a powerful city, and many is the American youth who has received here his self-confidence, ability to take all sorts of scolding, and has learned to respect these chiefs, especially the almighty.

Thus was formed our F. W. H. S.; the "S" meaning the original school; "H" means the steepness and height of the stairs; "W" means want of a better building, according to the modern architecture; "F" means Fort, coming [illegible] that the abode of these tribes looks so much like a fort or garrison.

"How We Did It."

O YOU remember the 17th of June, '97, when the Seniors sat in grand array on the stage of the Masonic Temple? Never had a class considered themselves so worthy of notice, and never had a class performed such wonderful deeds. The year before they had almost destroyed the existence of the '96 graduates, even substituting their colors for those of the graduating class, and making themselves so conspicuous in every way, that anyone would have thought that they had carried off the honors themselves, instead of those who were their superiors, and who finally outwitted them in their plots at the last moment. The teachers were always fearing that the public officers would demand justice for some terrible offense which they had committed, and were really growing weak under their great load of responsibility.

Now, their faces had a look of serene calm, and their hearts were once more light to think that they had finally acquitted this class creditably. Its despotic sway was at last at an end. Pupils and teachers were only glad that they were going, and those members of the '96 class who were present, were meekly wishing that something might happen to disturb the serenity and self-complacency which marked the countenances of the Seniors. All thoughts of the year before when they had torn the '96 banner from the banquet walls, and had placed their's in its stead, had flitted from their minds. No ghostly memory of the Seniors' anger of '96, played upon their thoughts, or tinged their happiness. Indeed, they had forgotten the pretty programmes of their fellow students, and how ruthlessly they had marred their beauty by disfiguring them with the ugly purple "97" on their covers. Everything had gone their way since their entrance to the High School, and they had come to the conclusion that it always would.

The orchestra's sweetest strains floated through the grand old Temple, and the scene was one of joy and happiness. After a prayer, Mr. Lane stepped forward and introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. Coulter. This gentleman was just about to begin his scholarly address, when something mystical, white, was seen slowly emerging from the scenery on the left side of the stage, and then the magnetic characters of "98" shone forth to the astonished gaze of hundreds. This was too high up for even the lofty heads

and piercing eyes of the Seniors, who still smiled on complacently. But the very moment this magic banner appeared, the Temple was shaken with applause, and the Seniors, thinking it was for them, smiled still more, until suddenly they began to distrust, as they saw the eyes of the audience directed, not toward them, but, as their eyes wandered upward, to the glorious old "98" in triumphant poise over their heads. A feeling of terror ran through their hearts as they beheld it. Hartman actually forgot that his hair would uncurl, as beads of perspiration stood on his face. If this banner had been simply the emblem of purity, no one could have found it in their hearts to have criticised the perpetrators but there, right in the center, was the despised "98" in such mublushing colors that even Smith could read it without his specs.

The air seemd suffocating and sultry, and for an instant only did the Seniors acknowledge their surprise and chagrin by their pallor and silence. But whatever other faults may have been charged to this class, they were generous and had keen insight to acknowledge that they had been clearly outwitted by the '98's, whom they had always looked upon as too young to notice. Then they indulged in a hearty hand-clapping. But all this did not take the time of telling, for their applause came in as an encore to that of the audience. But how their fingers ached to snatch the banner from its lofty position! Yet it was impossible, and besides, they could not leave their places in the face of the large audience.

But they were soon relieved of their suffering, for in the midst of Mr. Coulter's address the banner, cut from its fastenings, slowly fluttered to the stage. Smith, always ready in emergencies, had conceived the idea of writing a note to the stage manager, offering him any sum of money which he would name, if he would kindly cut the string. The manager claims that he cut it, but the '99's dispute this, and claim the honor of it for themselves. But the banner did not long lay prostrated, for it was soon drawn upward and out of sight. In a few moments, however, it appeared at the rear of the stage behind the Seniors, and there it remained until after the commencement.

It is said that a drop of water in the ocean is not without its effect, so it can truly be said that the banner tantalized the Seniors somewhat that night, if nothing more.

'98's Parting Suggestionto the School Board.

DEAR SIRS:

I hope you will not think it is impertinent of me
To give you my opinion of how things ought to be.
So, trusting that in doing so, I violate no rule,
I give you some suggestions how to improve the school
The first thing I would speak about is seats—I think they should
Be covered with soft cushions, instead of plain, hard wood.
Especially the "Mourners' Bench," which now so many fear,
For have you never heard that you must dry the mourner's tear?
And nothing I can think of would sooth his sorrow so,
As a nice soft place to mourn on; t'would dry his tears, I know.
And if you'd change the school bell to a chime that's silvery clear,
I think it would be pleasanter for everyone to hear.
And then about the windows; they should be wide and low,
So students could look out and see what's going on below.
For now 'tis burning agony too deep for me to tell,
To hear a strain of music on the fire-engine's bell.
Now if you take these little hints, though they are rough and crude,
I'm sure you'll have both warmest praise and heartfelt gratitude.
And if you do more than I ask fix things extra nice,
I think in time school would become a little paradise.

Modern Ten Commandments.

1. Thou shalt not flunk.

2. Thou shalt wipe thy feet on the mat which is before the door, before thou enterest the school building.

3. Thou shalt not mutilate the books which thou findest on the library table, for if thou dost, thou shalt be in danger of the wrath of the librarian.

4. Thou shalt not covet thy class-mate's girl, neither his pony nor his necktie.

5. Thou shalt not take the name of thy professor in vain, for if thou dost, danger might befall thee.

6. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy friend, that thou mays't get a stand in with thy professor.

7. Every morning shalt thou open the windows in the chemical laboratory, for if thou dost not, I say unto you, vile odors shall proceed therefrom.

8. Five days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the sixth day is the holiday. In it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor any of thy friends who desireth to borrow thy pony.

9. Honor thy superintendent and jolly up the faculty, that thy days may not be too long in the High School.

10. Thou shalt have none other schools before thee, for thy principal is a jealous principal, and it doth anger him to hear thee speak well of another.

At the Commencement Hop.

A SKETCH.

"IN THE name of goodness! Larry, why are you standing here like a dunce, instead of securing your dances?" This was Emily Harwood's polite way of convincing her brother of the utter stupidity in his present behavior, for she well knew why he "stood there like a dunce." The truth of the matter was that as Larry had never before attended a commencement hop, he felt vexatiously awkward, lonesome, lost, shy and in the way, and these disagreeable sensations were anything but stimulating to his social ambitions. He had "tagged it" with some school chums; but when it was time to secure dances, these chums had unmercifully deserted Larry, leaving him in the embarrassing dilemma in which his sister found him.

Nevertheless, Larry was an attractive youth, and a little experience was probably all he lacked to help him along on this evening.

He was much relieved when Emily came to his relief, and in answer to her unexpected interrogation, recovering as he spoke, he said: Me? "Oh—ha!—why, I was—just about to begin. How many dances can I have with you, sis?"

"One," answered Emily emphatically. "If you intend to dance to-night, you've got to ask some one besides me."

But Larry scarcely heeded his sister's answer; his eyes had suddenly fallen upon a most lovely representative of the fair sex; he could not lose sight of her; he was already in love with her; and his mind began to be filled with poetic sentiments.

"Well, now what are you staring at?" asked Emily, provoked.

"Say, sis," said Larry, disregarding Emily's question, "do you know that pretty——?"

"Don't you dare to point!" warned his decorous sister, when she perceived him about to thus designate the object of his attention. "I know whom you mean," she continued, "that is Miss ——— from Fort Wayne; and I met her at Clara's yesterday."

"Then give me a a 'knock-down' right away," said Larry eagerly.

"A what?"

"Oh, an introduction, of course," answered he impatiently.

Emily was only too glad to encourage her brother in securing some dances for himself, so she took Larry over and introduced him to the fair Miss ———, who smiled very sweetly and graciously favored him with a number from her program.

Larry took one more dance with his cousin Clara, and then hied himself off to an out-of-the-way corner, where he could keep the lovely Miss ——— in sight, and at the same time think about what he would say to her.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

At last came Larry's dance with Miss ———. His heart beat faster, he trembled just a little; but overcoming his agitation,

he walked as gracefully as he could, imagining that all the boys enviously watched him, rose to his partner, and politely said that he believed she was next on his program.

Now Larry had never learned to talk and dance at the same time. Miss ——— had, however, and she did. And whenever he attempted to answer her he would either get out of step, or lead into someone, or he would do both. Nevertheless, he enjoyed the dance and was happy.

When it was over Larry led his fair partner to a cool, breezy place by the window, but she very independently, as well as prudently, drew her chair out of the draught. Larry, acting from his first impulse, drew his chair beside her's, and then he wondered whether she objected to his sitting so near her. This circumstance threw the young lover into a state of uncertainty that, for a minute, dampened his romantic inspiration.

But now was the time for Larry to display his sociability. He rolled his large eyes towards Miss ———'s; their eyes met: she blushed and smiled; he blushed and cleared his throat. Then they started to say something, but each seeing the other in the act of speaking, they both stopped.

"Pardon me," said Larry, "what were you about to say?"

"Nothing at all," responded Miss ———; "but you were about to speak."

"No I wasn't," assured Larry, who really didn't know what he did wish to say.

"O well," said Miss ———, laughing, "I did start to ask whether you had ever been to Fort Wayne."

"Never yet," answered Larry, "but I'm coming some day. Guess it's a pretty nice place, is it not?"

"Why, yes, pretty nice," she said; "but I don't think we have quite so fine a high school building as you have here."

"I shall take a look at it when I come to Fort Wayne," remarked Larry innocently.

At this Miss ——— seemed to be alarmed, and she said: "O, we intend to have a new one in — well, I'm not certain just when, but they've been talking of it for a long time —— but hasn't it been unusually cool to-day?" She evidently wished to change the subject.

And now came the never-failing interesting subject—the weather. I am inclined to believe that this was the subject which Adam broached when he first met Eve—although it was not at a dance.

"Are you a graduate this year?" asked Miss ———, when they had disposed of the weather.

"Not—not this year," answered Larry.

"O," said she, then you're a Junior?"

"Why—er not this year," responded he, hoping that she would be satisfied with this answer.

"A Sophomore?" asked she persistently.

"Yes, or that is," said Larry faintly, "I will be when school takes up again."

But we have not space to tell all that was said. Miss ——— did most of the talking, while Larry listened delighted. He kept hoping that when she finished talking he would have summoned enough courage to give her a few love hints; but alas! the orchestra began the next dance, and a cold-hearted youth tore the beautiful maid from the ardent young lover. So he has decided not to give her those hints until he goes to Fort Wayne.

A Thunder Blunder.

A foolish youth once thought that he
  A maiden's heart would plunder.
He said that to resist him, she
  Would never dare, by thunder!

But he, on coming to this maid,
  Forgot his recent gascomade;
And at her feet his own heart laid.
  O, what a blunder,
  Sir, by thunder!

The maid would neither blush nor sigh,
  As to him she made answer,
"Of hearts too many now have I;
  So there's the door; good day, sir."

(Exit the youth.)

"OH, I DON'T KNOW."

The Juniors.

IT IS after much discussion that we have decided to endure all the opprobrium which will surely descend upon our defenceless heads from the future students of the Fort Wayne High School. We will now give the Junior class, whose ensign is the outlandish combination of purple and gold, a hasty glance. In order that all future classes may take heed of a timely warning, and learn a lesson from that terrible example, we will briefly depict their characters. Other classes, heretofore, have been made famous by several of their members, but this class lacks even one to reflect honor on the numbers "99" and the Fort Wayne High School. Here, now, we will divide them into sections, because we positively could not give more of our valuable space than is absolutely necessary.

DIVISION A.

Contains two individuals, names Misses A - t - y and A - d - r - - n. We would infer from that smile that Miss A - t - y was cut out for the bargain counter. Miss A - d - r - - n is too meek for description.

DIVISION B.

Comprises a few specimens of inert humanity, viz: B - r - - - t, B - - l, Misses B - a - - t and B - o - n. The class of '98 dropped B - - l because he, being so lazy, was better fitted for the '99 class. B- r - - - t is not worth mentioning, considering his size. Miss B - a - - t and Miss B - o - n have a disposition to flunk in geometry.

DIVISION D.

Has a few names to its credit (?). Miss D - r - e - l and D - - g - - s. On account of the deficiency of the English language, we cannot find words to describe them.

DIVISION G.

Have mostly been fired. We must not, however, overlook Miss G - - s - - r and G - - ff - - - s. G - - ff - - - s seems to have a stand in with Terpsichore, but this may be but visionary.

DIVISION H.

Here we find H - b - - t and Miss H - - ck. H - b - - t has a great inclination to dose the hours away and then regret it. Miss H - - ck's experiences would fill a book. Her favorite occupation, getting her lessons; future, "woman of experience."

DIVISION J.

J - h - s - n is at the head and foot of this division. "Johnnie" is the oasis, the one bright spot in this vast Sahara. Greatest failing, thinking (and saying) that every girl in High School is "stuck" on him.

DIVISION K.

Contains the personification of ——— R - b - - t K - - l.

DIVISION L.

L - ng - cre is probably the most interesting of this collection, though Misses L [illegible] and L - [illegible] follow close behind him.

DIVISION M.

By far the most interesting of this motley collection is Miss M - t - h, who is a model of good behavior except when in company of a certain of the "Porkine Club."

DIVISION O.

O - r and O - - s occupy this compartment. They are very similar persons, having an exalted idea of "self," though the same notion is held by only a few others. Neither one of them is in danger of working himself into an early grave.

DIVISION P.

This is a very large class, and lack of space prevents individual consideration. It has been suggested that the collection pool their small individual stock of common sense, and draw cuts to see which one shall take the whole and have brains enough to keep out of "Febe Hill."

DIVISION R.

There is but one shining light in this division. Miss R - e - r. Her light has by this time penetrated only the transparent minds of the Freshmen, but has failed with the upper classes.

DIVISION S.

Contains several fine specimens of the class of '99. First of all, Miss S - w - - [illegible], who expects to take the class [illegible]; Miss S - u - r, who is another one whom '98 turned over to '99; F - - d S - u - t [illegible], who, since his drop from '98, has decided to try for an M. D.; Miss S - u - r and S - a - - z, who are not enough different from the rest to deserve an enumeration of their qualities.

DIVISION T.

Numbers, among others, Miss T - - k - a -, who is famed throughout High School for her [illegible] actions and her [illegible] also, B - - t T - y - - r and Miss E - h - l, they are ——, but we draw the curtain.

DIVISION W.

Clicks out on our wheel, and with it two others who have some very marked characteristics. Miss N - [illegible] W [illegible] and Miss G - a - s W - l - e -. In this class we must not forget "Little Jimmie," who has brains enough, but has not yet gotten over his infant way, and "there are others."

Querist Department.

Mary Seaton. We can suggest no remedy for short stature. You can derive great solace from the thought that Napoleon, Harrison, and Professor Shultz were all short men. Grow tall mentally, and your physical stature will be cited in history as a peculiarity of a great women.

George Pressler: School etiquette, as far as we have been able to ascertain, does not demand that you pay so much attention to your next door neighbor, unless, of course, you should care to.

Burns Douglass: In answer to your inquiry, asking our opinion of your latest two-step, in fact merely a revised edition of the "Honeymoon," we would reply that it hardly shows the work of a genius.

Augusta Sewall: As a result of our investigations regarding your ancestry, it pains us to inform you that we cannot assure you an undisputed right to the English throne after the decease of the present sovereign.

Edwin Fox: We know no very efficient tonic to recommend for people who will persist on "going out on a tear," unless it should be Hood's Sarsaprilla for "that tired feeling."

Zella Evans: The country is a charming place, and why not go there for your summer vacation?

Marian Webb: Borax is a very good thing to take the inflammation out of a pimple. Apply at the chemical laboratory for supply.

Nina Astry: Look in the glass as a cure for smiling.

Sights Funny to See.

Mr. Lane decked in reefer and cap, riding his wheel on a cold wintry morning.

Gladys demonstrating a geometry problem

Disorder in the halls.

Mr Crowe reproving a pupil.

Longacre any time at all.

Alma Paul, } After a musical.
Walter Crim, }

Bursley's moustache.

A Freshman class meeting.

Problems.

GIVEN: Edwin Orr talking to a stranger.

Convince the stranger that Orr does not own the High School.

GIVEN: The rehearsal of the '99 choristers.

Will the Juniors flunk in geometry the next morning?

GIVEN: Dreisbach before a looking glass.

How long will he stand there?

GIVEN: Johnson swimming in the St. Joe River.

How much has the river risen?

GIVEN: Carpenter in the chemical labratory.

How many experiments will be performed in a minute? How many explosions will he have?

GIVEN: Professor of Physics and Chemistry with his hair combed.

How long will it be before it is tumbled?

We Wonder.

Why Yarnelle is continually breaking engagements?

Whether Dreisbach's hair is worth the bother? (Three hours a day.)

Why Miss Tinkham fears cats?

Whether Miss Lund has trained her pony or not?

Whether Fox will get flustered and speak fast when he proposes?

Why Crowe carries paregoric in his pocket?

Why Miss Brown blushes when you mention young men?

Where Miss Astry caught on to that smile?

Whether Johnson really likes Miss Pettit?

Porkine Club.

MOTTO:—"Eat, laugh, and grow fat." FLOWER. Sausage.

MEMBERS.

"Bubble" Douglas. "Wienerwurst" Carpenter.
"Too Much" Johnson. "Chunky" Rothschild.

"WOULD BE" LAWYERS, (STUDENTS ON THE BENCH)

Wilbur Carpenter. George Pressler. Charles Rothschild.
Dorris Muirhead. E. Ralph Yarnelle. Clyde Dreisbach.

Name It.

Why, how do you do, underlings? I am a coming man and I appear here that you may know me when I come. I am short, very fat, hand-some, bright, (bright men do not always care to do brilliant work), well dressed, especially since I've composed my new piece. By the way, you've noticed my exalted air and the stunning way in which I enter a class. Nothing like a bluff at something. Fresh? No, I am more than that; I am a Junior rag chewer, have served in the debating society as a judge(?). No, I don't dance, but nevertheless I do get great pulls on the ladies But there's one thing strange. Some fellows don't fancy me. How do you account for that?

What the Poets Think of Us.

FACULTY.

"Those who show no mercy can hope for none."

MR. LANE :—"Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend."

MR. CROWE : "His bark is worse than his bite."

MISS DRYER : "Beware the fury of the patient woman."

MR. SCHULZE :—"He hath small stature, but a monstrous opinion of himself."

MISS JAY "Going as if she trod upon eggs."

MISS BLYNN :—"She watches them as a cat would watch a mouse."

CLASS OF '98. "It is meet that noble minds keep even with their likes."

CLASS OF '99. "The best of this class are but shadows."

CLASS OF '00. "Out of nothing ('00) nothing comes."

CLASS OF '01. "Who thinks too little and talks too much."

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEAH C. "But still her tongue ran on."

JOHN J.—"He used to tell me in his boasting way, how he had broke the hearts of pretty girls."

NANNIE W. "Some women use their tongues, she looked a lecture."

GEORGE P. "A peevish school boy."

CARL C. "With length of yellow ringlets, like a girl's."

MARGARET W. "O marvellously modest maiden."

NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING. "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

JAY R. "It's a cold day when I don't have my say."

MARIAN W. "As yet a child." (8 years old.)

DORRIS M. "Confusion has been his masterpiece."

FRANK B. "Methinks he seems no better than a girl."

GUY L. "He gives to airy nothing a habitation and a name."

FOOT BALL TEAM.—"Warranted all wool."

CLYDE D.—"A modern Sampson whose weakness is beneath his hair."

RALPH Y. "How I love its giddy gurgle ;
How I love its fluent flow ;
How I love to wind my mouth up ;
How I love to hear it go."

WALTER G.—"My beauty took vacation 'bout the time of my creation."

DAVID J.—"Pretty, but not old enough to go with girls."

BERTHA W.—"Shyness was ne'er thy blame."

KELSEY F.—"No man can loose what he never had.

ELSIE S.—"Revenge is a kind of civil justice."

WILBUR C.—"As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."

GORDON E.—"His cogitative faculties innersed in eogibundity of cogitation."

RULE OF H. S.—"Order is heaven's first law."

ALVIN LEWELLYN—"The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."

OLIVER H.—"Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed."

BURNS D.—"None but himself can be his parallel."

GUY L. "Nature abhors a vacuum, so she fills some heads with sawdust."

CHAS. N.—"If he had been forgot it had left no gap in nature."

OTTO P. "The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape."

MAY S.—"Forward her speech, her bearing bold."

BERT T.—"A bashful man."

WILBUR C.—"What a blunt fellow is this grown to be."

GUY L.—"His bright smiles haunt me still."

BESSIE F.—"Slow, but sure."

JULIA L. "The very staff of my age, my very prop—a pony."

GEORGE P. "I'll not budge an inch."

Louise R.– "What thinkest thou of my opinion."

Robert K. "I am not in the roll of common men."

Augusta S.–"I only speak right on."

Chas P.–"Brevity is the soul of wit."

Jud O.–"Tall and most divinely fair."

Lora W.–"Studious she is, but in statute small, a dumpy woman."

Chas. R. "Oh, it is monstrous, monstrous."

Anna J.–"I'm but a stranger here below, heaven is my home."

Glayds W. –"Cracked and small her voice."

Chester K.– "Thou hast the fatal gift of beauty."

Philip B. "I will leave large foot-prints in the sands of time."

Louise Raser "What pace is this that thy tongue keeps ?"

Dorris M. "A fool must now and then be right by chance."

James W. "I leave my character behind me."

Reada L. "Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the small pox."

Chester K. "The ass is still an ass e'en though he wears a lion's hide."

Baron L.– "Thou liar of the first magnitude."

Bessie J. "She is little but oh my !"

Rothschild "To be less baby and more man would well become thy stature."

Augusta S.–"Whence is thy learning ? Hath thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil ?"

Olds and Pearse– –"Like a pair of turtle doves that could not live assunder."

Myrtle L. "The windy satisfaction of a tongue."

Burns Douglas : "His form was ponderous and his step was slow ;
There never was so wise a man before ;
He seemed the incarnate, "Well, I told you so."

E. Fox "That graceful swagger, 'tis that indicates his strength."

In Geometry.

Gin a straight line meet a straight line,
In Geometry;
Gin those two lines make an angle,
Is that aught to me?
Every straight line is a straight line—
That is plain to see—
And where on earth's the use of proving
What we know must be.

Gin some planes do meet together
In this world of woe,
And make a polyhedral angle—
Faith, it may be so—
But when 'tis put to a poor Senior,
How and why to show,
'Tis hard lines 'tho it seems so plain
To all who chance to know.

'99 Quartette.

JOHN JOHNSON.
EDWIN ORR.
GRACE WALTER.
NANNIE WILLIAMS.

'98 Quartettee.

DORRIS MUIRHEAD.
GEORGE PRESSLER.
MABEL DURNELL F.
JESSIE FITCH.

A Reading Lesson.

Miss S. (calling roll.)—"Miss Williams?"

Her Sister.—"She isn't *here*."

Miss S.—"Miss Walter?"

Miss W's Sister. "She isn't *here* to-day."

Miss S. "Miss Jones?"

(Some one). "She isn't *here*."

Miss S. (Looking around suspiciously). "Well, where is all the class to day? They must *all* be sick!" (Perhaps she imagined they had skipped.)

Miss S.—"Take a good sitting position, backs away from backs of the seats, feet on the floor, strong chest center ready to rise rise. Mr. Pressler, please take your attention from out of the window. Poise heads strongly; arms two, three, four, down, way down; up, two three, four, rest. Mr. Carpenter, I'll excuse you from the room. (Silence while Mr. Carpenter departs.) Now ready, swing, two, three, four; right arm, two, three, four; push up to the ceiling, harder. two, three, four, rest Oh! brighter faces! Some of you look as though you had been dreadfully abused! Let's see if we can't brighten you up some. Take the weight on the balls of the feet. Now, just as light as though you were a feather—just play there is a ribbon fastened to the top of you head, drawing you up to the ceiling. (Alas! but our hearts are so heavy that the ribbon wouldn't pull us up.) Ready to sit be seated Let us have stronger chest centers, Now take the word "most" in the mouth and send it to a point on the library window across the street. (The library window isn't to be seen, but we make the attempt.) Oh! your words are so heavy! Let's play they are soap bubbles, and that we are going to send them right up to the very top of an apple tree in full bloom. Now take the word mon (it should be "moan") and think of your ideal tone of a bell. Think of a little silver bell away off in the distance. Now think your tones, and take this pitch— (she sings. Then we all "moan.") Now run up the scale with the syllables ma-za-sca-aa."

Mr. Crowe (teaching chemistry class in next room). "What is that? I didn't know we had singing down here!"

Miss S. (taking up her paper and reading book). "Mr. Fox, have you the eighth paragraph?"

Mr Fox. "Yes'm." (Steps to the front of the room.)

"The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life."

Miss S. "That is very well Mr. Fox. Take the last two lines again and make us feel more that there is something behind all this you are saying."

Mr. Fox (with great energy). "And there the startling drum and fife fired the liver — !" (A suppressed roar is heard.)

Miss S "We'll excuse Mr. Fox."

Miss S.—"Mr. Read have you recited on the piece about Mrs. Caudle yet ?"

Mr. Read. "No'm." (Recites his paragraph.)

Miss S.—"Oh ! Mr. Read, you aren't affected enough. Miss Sheridan you play Mr. Caudle and just be as insolent as you can."

Mr. Read, (who is taking the part of Mrs Caudle asking for some money).—"I know you like to see the children well dressed. It's only natural that a father should."

Miss Sheridan.—"Well, how much money do you want ?"

Mr. Read.—"How much money do I want ? Let me see, love." (Suppressed giggles are again heard.)

Miss S.—"Well, there is the second bell, and I hope that next time you all won't look so abused." (Can any one wonder that we looked so ?)

The Professor's Tie.

If you do not find a reason
  Why this tale I shouldn't tell.
'Bout a jolly old professor,
  I think 'tis doing very well:
And then when all have heard it told
  They will greet it with a smile.
For it is a funny story.
  That may travel all the while.

It was to a class in science—
  Which had struggled with a will
To learn Old Nature's secrets.
  Which took patience, work and skill—
That to it a chance was given
  For to have an inward laugh.
And to tell to all the students
  What did happen down in class.

All labored hard with chemistry,
  And experiments did make—
And were using nitric acid—
  Which a lot of time did take.
A simple task 'twill seem to you,
  If my story you have read.
And find they only wished to know
  Its effect on white silk thread.

But professor's thread was lacking,
  And he turned his face away,
"But," said he, "I'll soon produce some
  From out my silken tie:"
So he searched his tie all over:
  One thing he had forgotten,
And this he'll leave for me to tell,
  "His tie was made of cotton."

Last Will and Testament.

We, the members of the class of '98, since our days here are numbered, do hereby bequeath our various belongings to our beloved friends, the Juniors.

I, Minnie Arnold, being in good health and sound mind, do hereby bequeath my chemistry apparatus, including reagent bottles, broken test tubes and other valuable acquisitions, to Burns Douglas.

(Signed,) MINNIE ARNOLD.

I, Philip Bursley, do hereby bequeath my essays to anyone who is making a collection of quaint literature.

(Signed,) PHILIP BURSLEY.

I, Wilbur Carpenter, do hereby will to Edwin Orr, my seat on the bench; though well worn, nevertheless will do good service hereafter.

(Signed,) WILBUR CARPENTER.

I, Zella Evans, do hereby will to "Timothy" Taylor, all of my superfluous gracefulness

(Signed,) ZELLA EVANS.

I, Bessie Fitch, do hereby commit my desk to the most "wisperful" Junior; but in case the wall fronting it shall be removed or otherwise impaired, it shall fall to the most "wisperless" Junior.

(Signed,) BESSIE FITCH.

I, Ed. Fox, do hereby bequeath my skill in reading to Oliver Hebert.

(Signed,) EDWIN FOX.

I, Gertrude Fissel, do hereby will to Nina Astry, all of my short lead pencils, which she will come into possession of at the beginning of next semester.

(Signed,) GERTRUDE FISSEL.

I, Anna Jones, being in poor health and of the same mind, do hereby bequeath my chemistry apron, valuable through wear and tear, to LeOra Kanaga, with the hope that she may take good care of it and leave it to some worthy member of the class of 1900.

(Signed,) ANNA JONES.

I, Ada Keim, do hereby will hook No. 58, which has many a time supported my wraps, to Martha Sauer.

(Signed,) ADA KEIM.

I, Julia Lund, do hereby bequeath to Lilian Lanferty, whatever portion of my height I have left behind me.

(Signed,) JULIA LUND.

I, Maud McBride do hereby bequeath my lead pencil sharpenings to kindle the camp-fire of any one of the Junior class who will go to the war between the United States and Spain. (Signed,) MAUD M'BRIDE

I, Dorris Muirhead, do hereby will to "Jimmie" Wilson, my capability of causing explosions in the chemistry laboratory.

(Signed,) DORRIS MUIRHEAD.

I, Albert Parker, as the Juniors need an income, which is necessary for the advancement of their class, and to help their society along, do hereby bequeath to them a large sum of money in the form of a negative quantity, which by the principle of algebra, they have only to charge a negative rate of interest on this amount, and will receive a positive income.

(Signed,) ALBERT PARKER.

I, Charles Porter, do hereby will to the person who whispers not more than once every ten minutes, my seat.

(Signed,) CHARLES PORTER

I, George Pressler, do hereby bequeath the pieces of the test tubes that I have successfully broken, to Bertha Liebman.

(Signed,) GEORGE PRESSLER.

I, Lilian Read, do extend to each and every Junior a request that they invest in an annual.

(Signed,) LILLIAN READ.

I, Jay Read, do hereby bequeath to the editor of the '99 annual, my heartfelt sympathy.

(Signed,) JAY READ

I, Helen Reitze, do hereby will my mathematical bump to Augusta Sewell. (Signed,) HELEN REITZE.

I, Mary Seaton, do hereby bequeath a penny to help swell the treasury of the Debating Society. The same may be found in my ink well. (Signed,) MARY SEATON.

To Glo Miller I, Elsie Sheridan, respectfully leave all my notes, bank or otherwise.

(Signed.) ELSIE SHERIDAN.

All property which can be in or within a radius of three inches from my desk, I, Anna Sinclair, do hereby bequeath to the finder.

(Signed.) ANNA SINCLAIR.

I, Leah Tennant, do hereby bequeath my front seat in the reading recitation, to John Johnson, who will probably by his actions prove himself most worthy to be my successor.

(Signed.) LEAH TENNANT.

To the most stupid person in the Junior class I, Margaret Wagenhals, do hereby entrust my Latin and Greek exercise books. I hope that they may be of some benefit.

(Signed.) MARGARET WAGENHALS.

I, Lora Walter, do hereby give to Mr. Lane, principal of the Fort Wayne High School, the right to have my deportment marks written on cardboard, framed and placed in the assembly room of the school, so that future classes may have a model of good deportment.

(Signed.) LORA WALTER.

Old blank books,chewed-up lead pencils, Vergil ponies, worn-out book straps, and anything that may be of use to a Junior, I, Marian Webb, do hereby leave to the Board of Associated Charities, with the request that they be distributed among the needy of the class of '99.

(Signed.) MARIAN WEBB.

I, Gladys Williams, being considered a fine (?) Greek scholar, do hereby bequeath my reliable Greek translations, the product of many a laborious hour, to Agnes Murdock, with the hope that they will help her to raise the standard percents of the Juniors.

(Signed.) GLADYS WILLIAMS.

I, Louise Wolf, do hereby bequeath to the president of the class of '99, my ruler, which is an heir loom, having been put in my care by a member of '97, and guarded very safely so that I now desire to put it into safe hands.

(Signed.) LOUISE WOLF

Witness:

BARON VON DE JACOBSKIWIETZICASKI.

VISCOUNT MARTENFFELFRSEXEL.

MARQUIS DUFAURELAPOTHEAN.

A Threshing Day.

Threshing is a big chore. Leastwise, the one the Larkinses had, here a ways back, was. They had all worked hard the day before. Nevertheless, long before day dawned, Pap Larkins got up and slipped into his big boots, and after he had kindled a crackling fire in the kitchen, went to the stair door and called: "Betsey, Betsey; fires agoin'." "Well," "Timothy!" "Sir?" "Jakey, you'd best ter git up purty soon, hits sun-up now." "Well, I guess I know when hits time ter git up." "Hope! Charity!" Then Pap closed the door and went out to feed the critters.

After breakfast Bet gave Tim a big basket and sent him to borrow dishes from 'Squire Tompkin's. Pap and Jake went to kill a sheep. After Bet got the morning work done she began preparations for dinner. Tim got back. About his time in came Jake, a dressed sheep over his shoulder, with its neck dripping on the clean floor; he threw it down on the great kitchen table, then stamped sullenly out. By and by he stuck his head in at the kitchen door and asked: "Bet, do you know where that there double-tined pitchfork is?" She told him the 'Squire had borrowed it in haymaking. Jake had no other way to do but to go after it. He had not returned till Pap came and asked: "Bet, who borrowed the sacks last?" And she told him, "'Squire Tompkins." So Pap had no other way to do but to go after them. Jake got back and went to hunt the half bushel, but he found out from Bet that that too was over to the 'Squire's. "Wall, them Tompkinses jest think they own the ranch over here, since Bill's got to comin'," says Jake. And Pap, who was coming up the path with a load of sacks on his back, "'lowed that was jis so." Then Jake, "Tim, you go over and git it, for I was jist over there."

The machine came, but not the new one, which they expected. The whistle blew, then the hands began to come, some walking with fork over shoulder and some driving with wagon and rack. When the dew was off they began to thresh. Men who came for miles around to see the new machine, waited patiently for its arrival. Jake kept tally, Pap carried water from the spring to the

threshers. Mam sat by the window nursing her lame ankle, and every time Pap came for water, cautioned him not to overheat himself. Tim was errand boy. Charity and Hope primped themselves up in new calico gowns and white aprons, so they could wait upon the table when Bet got dinner ready.

By and by Mam looked out the window and saw a young lady alighting from a carriage. "Law me," said she, "et hit ain't Sarah Jane's girl." It was their city cousin, who had come to stay through "this awfully hot weather." Hope and Charity ran to meet her. There was a great greeting when she reached the door. Bet came to wait upon her cousin and to brush off the "awfully horrid dust." After Bet got her cousin put away in a cool, shady place, she began to set the table. Jake, who had entrusted the keeping of tally to Pap for a few minutes, came in to hustle up dinner, saying, "Now, Bet, I want wittals on time!"

The next time Pap came for water Bet told him dinner was ready. He hurried out with the order. Then the whistle blew, and the threshers and waiting spectators filed in up to the great water trough, where two small towels were hanging across the spout. Mam had made these towels out of a grain bag the rats had gnawed. When the men were ready, as many came in as could be seated at the table.

Now the Larkinses had only six chairs, the set Mam Larkins' father had given her when she and Pap set up housekeeping. So boards were laid across from one chair to the other. By some good hap, 'Squire Tompkins and his son Bill got places with chairs. How Hope and Charity did buzz about the table, while Bet was kept well busy in the kitchen. When one table finished dinner, another took their places, and so on until that great table had been surrounded a half dozen times.

After dinner the threshing was continued and the preparations for supper were taking place, until the children came running in shouting, "Mam! Mam! Bet! Bet! the 'chine's comin'!" Then all the folks found the best place to view the great wonder. Bet moved Mam with her old wooden rocker into the big window. Some of the men and boys climbed upon the old machine, others stood in bland amazement. Even the city cousin found a shady place out in a window above. The agent had started with the great engine and its train at two o'clock that morning; and though the city, their starting point, was only about thirteen miles distant, two o'clock had rolled around again. They had started out in grand array, engine leading with thresher, stacker and water-tank atached, and the agent in his carriage, bringing up the rear. Even the engineer and his men wore their white apparel. But enough water could not be procured on the way to supply the engine. Once, they came near upsetting off an embankment; again, they

ran up a steep bank. The engineer and his men were black, tired and hungry. The agent well knew that the outfit must make a better appearance. So he put things nearly in the same order as at their starting. When they came within a mile of their destination the engine gave a screeching, half-tired whistle. Now the eager spectators perceived the huge engine, puffing its best, loom up over the hill top, and then the great train creeping across the field like a monstrous animal. As onward it comes they can view it more closely, the mighty engine with a huge cylinder on either side rising high like a double-decked car, the thresher with the blower and stacker projecting from its rear, looking like a bird of the tropical regions, then the tank, and last of all, the agent driving a glossy steed with shining harness and riding in a bright new carriage. When they reached their destination, the spectators surrounding the whole outfit, talk over its merits and demerits. The masters of the train go to the house for their dinner.

After their hunger and thirst have been satisfied, they endeavor to set the new machine to work. They work fully an hour before getting it in the right position and ready to start. All the while the agent, making himself very sprightly, explains the uses of the different parts. Now, after selecting the best feeder in the crowd, and hauling a load of wheat on each side of the thresher, they begin. Bill Tompkins, the pitcher on one load, says to the one on the other, "Now when they git to going, we'll just roll the wheat in and see if we can't choke her up." Well, the machine run excellently when there was about one hundred and ninety pounds pressure ; but when there was about eighty pounds, a pressure at which the old machine would have hummed along all day, it couldn't run at all. Hardly one load was threshed till they had to stop. The agent was sure it was the fault of the feeder. So after that the choke was cleaned out, they chose another feeder, then when the machine was going at high speed, Bill and his cunning friend rolled the wheat in the same as before, almost faster than the feeder could cut bands. In less than no time they had to stop again. This performance was kept up till the rest of the threshing was finished. Mam sat by the window watching the work and the agent urging the sale of the outfit. Whenever Pap came for water he had to explain to Mam why they had stopped.

Bet soon had supper ready. Then the same company as at noon, with more added, marched again to the water trough. After supper the agent tried to get some place else to thresh, but nobody wanted him. Finally 'Squire Tompkins said that he might thresh for him, but only the wheat left in the field.

The sun had well nigh settled to the horizon, when they started in full line for 'Squire Tompkins'. Bet washed the dishes and sent Tim to take them home, for Mrs. Tompkins would need them in the morning. The 'Squire took the sacks, half bushel and fork home with him to save a trip after them in the morning.

When they had seen the machine off, the Larkinses talked over their wheat question, how much, what they would get for it, and what they would get with the money. Old moon had crawled high up before Tim and Bet closed their eyes. When Tim got his chores done he fell down in a corner and dreamed of a happy land where errands were run by traction engines. Bet dropped into Mam's old rocker and had visions of a quaint land where wheat grew already threshed.

The Gay Handlebarre.

(An Old Poem Modernized.)

Oh, young Handlebarre has come out of the west,
From Gotham to 'Frisco his bike was the best.
And save his ki-yi gun he weapons had none:
He rode with his oil-can and air-pump alone.
So faithful in love, and the best scratch by far,
There never was bikist like young Handlebarre.

He stopped not for puncture, nor cared for a tack.
He rode where tomato cans littered the track;
But ere he alighted at Featherby's gate,
The bride had consented to wed a cheap skate.
For a snail on the wheel and a milk-sop in war
Had been trying to cut out the fleet Handlebarre.

So slyly he sneaked into Featherby's hall.
Mong golfers and players of tennis and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, the grizzled old clam,
(For the hatchet-faced bridegroom was meek as a lamb.)
"Oh, come ye with glad hand or come ye in war,
Or to dance a tandango, you dub, Handlebarre?"

"I long wooed your daughter, but you told me 'nit.'"
Hearts swell like tires, yet seldom are split.
And now am I here, and I've no time to lose;
So start up the fiddler and pass round the booze;
There be maidens in plenty, more lovely by far,
That would share the meal ticket of young Handlebarre."

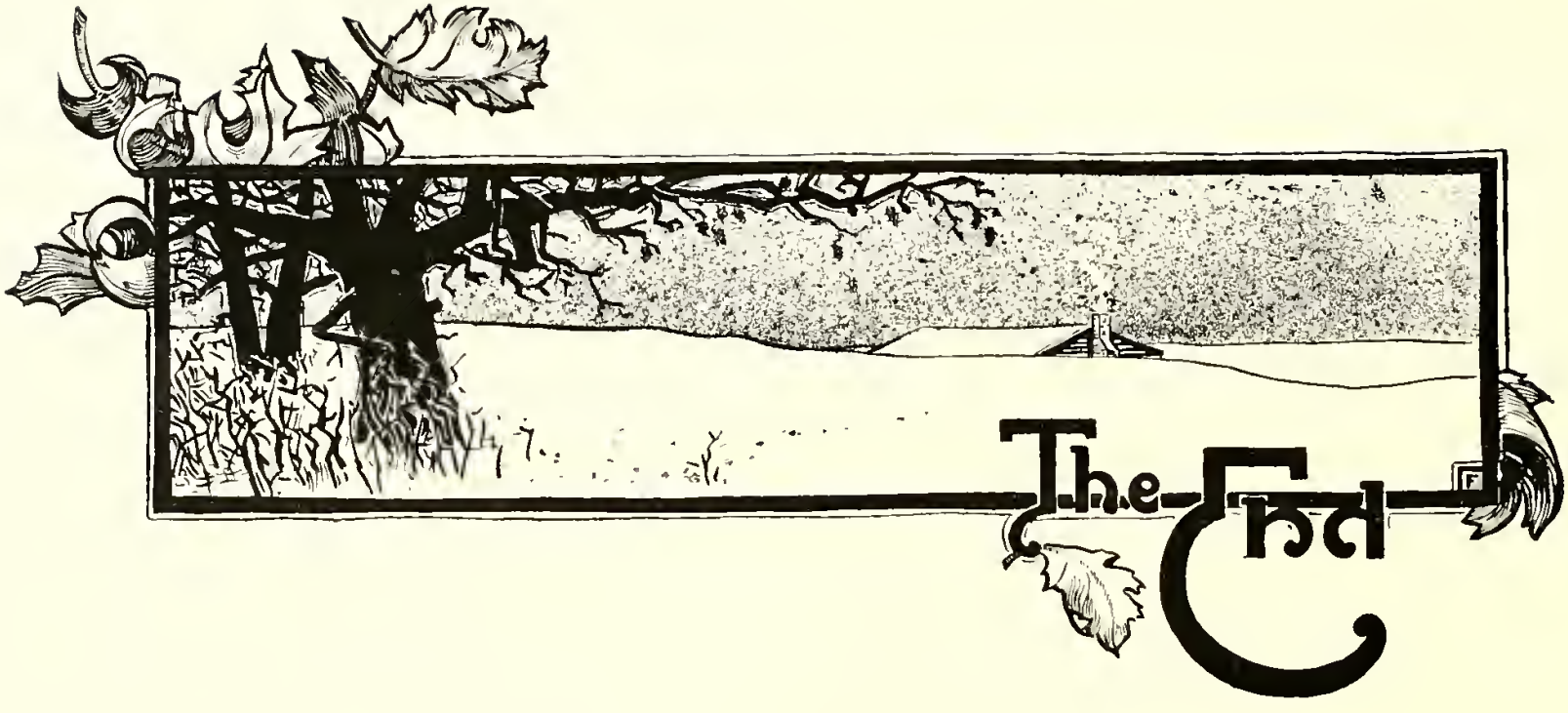
The bride kissed the goblet; the cyclist did sup.
He quaffed of the liquor and threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a grin on her face and a watery eye.
He seized her white fingers in spite of her "Par,"
"Now tread we a quick-step," said young Handlebarre.

So stately his form with its bicycle hump,
That never a ball room contained such a chump.
While the old woman grumbled and papa did stamp,
And the bridegroom stood fumbling his bicycle lamp;
And the bridesmaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have palmed off fair Ellen on young Handlebarre."

One clutch of her hand as he squinted his eye,
When they reached the hall door and the cycle stood nigh.
So light to the bar the fair lady he dumped;
So light to the saddle behind her he jumped.
"She is won! We are off with a jolt and a jar,
They'll be scorchers that follow," quoth young Handlebarre.

There was wailing 'mong all of the Featherby gang,
They pursued on their cycles with whoops and with clang.
There was scratching of gravel; the chickens did fly,
But the lost bride of Featherby ne'er did they spy.
So nervy in love and the best scratch by far,
Have ye e'er heard of cyclist like young Handlebarre?

"You Know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MUIRHEAD: "He extended his head."

READ: "In the middle of a Greek house, there was a wash-basin."

HEBERT: "Take a tube, one end of which is of a more smaller diameter."

MISS SEATON: "Had *tooken* their places."

MISS TENNANT: "Mamma don't allow me to stand at the gate."

PORTER (translating): "Whoever of those about the king died, let Ctesias say for he was one of them."

GLADYS WILLIAMS: "Wherever you go, there will I be also.

CROWE: "Now look with your eyes."

YARNELLE (translating): "There flew the river Cidenus."

MISS TINKHAM: "Where is him?"

MISS LIEBMAN: "He hadn't ought to use it."

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OLIVER HEBERT: "Whenever the ball is throwed."

READ: "They were not men grazing, but beasts of burden."

MUIRHEAD: "When will cabbage be ripe and ready to pick?"

CROWE: "I want you to keep those files up so they won't get wet; then they'll keep dry."

MISS K. EVANS: "One ship reached; all the others froze to death."

MUIRHEAD: "I didn't say it was hard, just because I can't do it, it is no sign that it's hard."

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Ground Floor.

Crowe: "Would you filter your soup if it were too salty?"

Zella Evans: "No, I would add more water."

Miss Colvin: "Napoleon's men were very weary while crossing the Alps, but the band played on."

Crowe: "Then the tube will be filled with nothing."

Pressler: "Napoleon put the cannon in trees and drew them over the Alps."

Miss Colvin: "Help yourself to this paper and pass it down the line."

Lane (seating Rothschild on the bench): "Now Charley, you may sit there until you find out that you are a very small boy."

Crowe: "I'll perform this experiment so as not to give any one a chance to *blow himself.*"

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PROFESSOR: "And what did Priam say when he heard that Troy was afire?"

BRIGHT FRESHMAN: "He said, 'there will be a hot time in the old town to-night.'"

LANE: "Erase that there right away quick,"

MISS GLADYS WILLIAMS, (translating): "Thrice he saw the stars twinkling with dew."

MISS FISSEL: "If he had died before he did it, he would'nt have done it."

LANE: "What were the Cyclops?"

MISS G. WILLIAMS: "They were giants with only one eye."

LANE: "Where was it?"

MISS WILLIAMS: "On the north-eastern coast of Sicily."

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MISS HAMILTON (to Rothschild): "You are to be seen, not heard."

MISS SABIN: "O! that Chester Keel and Charley Beall would hie themselves to some corner of the globe and learn how to pronounce latin!"

WISE: "Who was the son of Zeus?"

MAY FITCH: "Jupiter."

MISS SABIN: "Charles, do you know the consequence of not getting your lessons?"

CHAS. ALBERTSON: "I ought to."

MISS COLVIN: "They don't steal them, they just take them.

MISS CLEMENS (translating): "The women and children begged peace from the walls."

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MISS COLVIN: "Charles, what is a demijohn?"

BEALL: "A teacher."

MISS DEVILBISS (translating): "All the others were either killed or slain."

MISS COLVIN: "A warm discussion."

LANE: "There is a machine which stands in the hall, that sweeps every whisperer in onto the bench; it is best to keep out of its way."

CROWE TO JOHNSON (who had been whispering:) "What did you say?"

JOHN "I said, 'light out of darkness.'"

CROWE: "Well, you light out of this room."

JOHN: "I can't, I'm a heavyweight."

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B. FITCH: "Yes."

LANE: "Do you remember Uriah Heep?"

MR. LANE: "Erase that there."

MR. WISE (In literature recitation, speaking of the love which Elaine bore towards Lancelot): "These be delicate subjects, we will touch on them but lightly."

MR. CROWE (When the physiology class were working on the heart): "Hearts are trumps to day."

MISS COLVIN: "Who was Pitt?"

DORRIS: "Lord North."

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MISS JAY (After mis-speaking herself, and Guy Smith got out his note book to write down the mistake): "Guy Smith, bring that book here, do you think that I want every mistake that I make put in the annual, and make myself appear before the public as an ignoramus?"

ZELLA: "Every time I think of Dorris, I have to grin out loud."

MARIAN W.: "They then sent for William of Orange to be queen of England."

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George Pressler (In History recitation). "About that time George III went out of his mind."

Lora Walter (In Sunday School to her teacher): "You bet your boots," (a scene.)

A Poet of Class of "98", (to an offended friend; who has refused to forgive him):

"When actions often fail to bring
A noble deed about;
A begging word will make things clear
Beyond a fear of doubt."

Mr. Lane: "Miss Maud, what is the blood of gods called?"

Miss Maud: "Either."

Mr. Crowe: "Miss Grace is Miss Blanche ill to-day."

Grace: "No sir, she's sick."

Mr. Lane: "Miss Anna, did you get eight-tenths for your answer?"

Anna: "No sir, eighty-hundreths."

The Largest, The Latest, The Best Tailored,

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$10 Given Away Each Week.

BESSIE CHERRY: "We are vaulting over horses now in the gymnasium, and it's lots of fun."

GRACE WALTER: "Over real horses?"

MR. LANE (to Jay Read in Latin recitation): "If it had been "I see," what would you have said?"

READ: "I saw."

YARNELLE (translating): "And then thy paused, they paused, (waits a few minutes.")

MISS DRYER: "Yes, I think they did."

CROWE: "Can you carry on this subject?"

PARNIN: "Yes, but I don't see what you're driving at."

CROWE: "Jim, get down on all fours."

MISS COLVIN: "What was the effect of the hundred years war?"

LONGACRE: "The effect was terrible, especially in France. (Complete answer.)

MISS LORA WALTER: "He wanted them to be killed by death."

TO ALL YOUNG PEOPLE who desire to look to the Business College for training, let us just say this. Do not enter with the idea that all hope of greater educational success in life is left behind, but rather know that you will have the possible equipment for the present necessities, which are pressing, and when those have been supplied, you will be in the best position for proceeding to higher things. Just so long as the world moves as it does, there will be some men who will shine as lights in the sphere of philosophy, literature, medicine, art and science; but there will also be men who achieve fame in the world of business and finance, and so long as they do, the Business College will continue to do good work.

A TRAMP once begged a breakfast in the town where he lived, and then left upon the bottom of the tin plate, from which he had eaten it, an inscription in correct Greek, of which the following is a translation: "I would never have reached my present degraded state, had my parents given me a useful instead of an ornamental education."

THE INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE AND SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING AND PENMANSHIP has been conducted, under its present management, for several years, and has had students from nearly every representative family in the city. The Fall Term commences on Monday, Sept. 5, and we invite the most rigid investigation of our method and equipment. A Catalogue will be mailed to any address on application to

T. L. STAPLES, President.

To whom it may Concern:

I can most heartily recommend the International Business College and its management to my former schoolmates and friends seeking a thorough, practical business education. The instruction received at this college has been many time its cost, and I consider the time and money spent while there, one of the best investments I could have made. Respectfully, WALTER H. CRIM, Class '97 High School.

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MISS HAMILTON: "John, why didn't you sit with someone if you didn't have a Book?"

JOHNSON: "There wasn't room."

CROWE: "Now this is more lighter electricity than that."

MISS COLVIN: "Who was Virginia?"

SECOND YEAR PUPIL: "Son of a Plebian."

CROWE: "It was a wide collapse."

MISS PAUL: "There was a river across this bridge."

CROWE: "This is more liker."

MISS KOONS: "He built the Great Forest."

MISS MILLER: "She was a king."

MISS PAUL: "Jay, you must have forgotten your memory."

SCHULTZ: "We have a vessel of water filled with ice."

In starting out in life, buy your silverware of Dallas F. Green, the Jeweler.

The Best Place to Buy

CLOTHING

IN THE CITY IS

Friend's Clothing Store,

CALHOUN AND BERRY STREETS

If your eyes don't track, or are not mates, see Dallas F. Green, the expert Optician about them.

REILLY: "I aimed a terrible blow at his heart; I am glad I didn't land it."

CROWE: "Some people carry paragoric in their pockets."

MISS COLVIN: "What are the dates of the reign of Louis XIV?"

MISS LIEBMAN: "1643-1775."

CARPENTER: "Bill Johnson is coming to school."

CROWE: "What is the formula for that?"

MISS RASER: "By the explosion of evidence."

CROWE: "We will prove this by a jar of glass water."

MISS COLVIN: "Name a Colony in France?"

YARNELLE: "Gaul."

BESSIE FITCH:—The girl orator of the Maumee valley.

A Few Proverbs Made to Fit the Foot of Truth.

HE WHO SHAPES THE ENDS OF MAN

Is not always a divinity—he may be a shoemaker. And if he does as well as O. B. Fitch's famous fine shoes always do, he gives his customers a shapeliness that has no superior. Fitch's shoes fit the feet—try 'em.

THE EAGLE ON THE DOLLAR

Goes to show how money flies; while the fit, style, and satisfactory price of a good pair of fine shoes, simply proclaims the fact the Hoosier Shoe Store is still in the shoe business and living up to their good name.

IF TEETHING BABIES COULD TALK

They would undoubtedly furnish an entirely new and original addition to the profane literature of the world. But if Fitch's Shoes could speak their own virtues, all the world would learn of the name and fame of the Hoosier Shoe Store, and praise the style, comfort, and wearing qualities of their footwear.

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L. D. PEOPLES, President.

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Over $1,800,000.00 Loaned.

Call at office for full particulars.

Corner of Berry and Court Streets.

GEO. W. PIXLEY, Prest. C. A. WILDING, Secy.

How about that graduation present? Will it be bought of Dallas F. Green the Jeweler? If not, why not?

Undoubtedly Read's refusal to get the Troy Steam Laundry's add, and his subsequent bestowal of this space to the A. A. A., was due to an unpaid laundry bill.

Since Pressler has gotten into his head a fondness for several of the fair sex, he is a changed lad. Push it along, George.

THE VERY LATEST (Driesbach has been introduced to Miss Ferguson): "Clyde, we're glad that your wish has been granted."

Neil Smith has requested it published that his moustache is 'budding.'

Yours Truly.

W. E. DOUD,

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Best Value of Any Made.

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DUNN & TAFT.

CROWE: "How about it Oliver?"

HEBERT: "I don't quite catch onto your question."

This book makes me tired, is an expression you may hear. But that can be avoided by a pair of spectacles fitted by Dallas F. Green, expert optician.

MISS MILLER: "His son was a boy."

LANE: "Compare dead"

MUIRHEAD: "Dead, deader, deadest."

CROWE: "Helen, can you control your heart?"

MISS REITZE: "No sir." (Laughter. Helen blushed.)

MISS LAUFERTY: "Foot ball is barbarous. The other day the captain of the Yale team had his collar *button* broken."

We would advise G. E. to pay his class debts before he leaves the next town.

WHY IS THE

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